

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

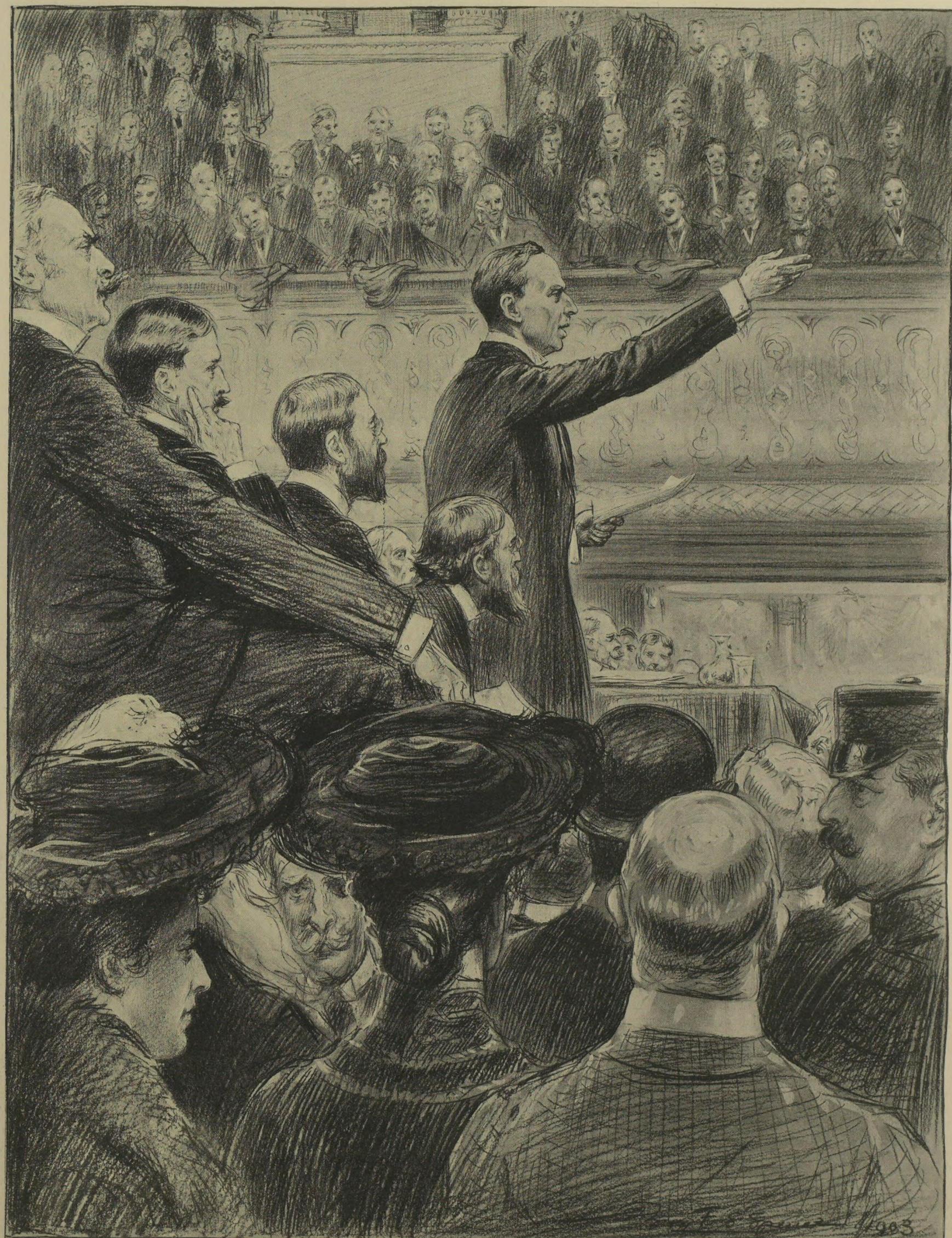
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WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT:
"ALONE IN UNKNOWN AFRICA." SIXPENCE.

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THE BIOGRAPHER OF GLADSTONE AND COBDEN AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF FREE TRADE: MR. JOHN MORLEY AT MANCHESTER, OCTOBER 19.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.

"Protection baffles our aims in the matter of free exchange. It lowers our credit in Europe, it discourages every Free Trade minority in every country in the world, and I do not believe that that is what the people of this country mean to sanction or to approve."

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"Fierce, unreasoning hatred of the foreigner," says a morning paper, is a conspicuous motive of our political life. If so, it shows itself in a singular manner. The new Treaty with France is, I presume, a glaring illustration of this "hatred." The Alaska Boundary Commission is probably another. If you want examples of true brotherly love for the foreigner, you must go to Germany. There is a Boer Relief Society at Wiesbaden, and its amiable enthusiasts have informed the "civilised world" that the British Government is still doing horrible things in the Transvaal, while professing to help the people. "Seed-corn, in which the seed had been intentionally destroyed, was sowed over thousands of fields." This statement, of course, is not fierce, unreasoning hatred. It is signed by German Professors, and therefore it must indicate a penetrating insight and a philosophic calm.

"High thinking and high tea" is Mr. Pinero's tonic for the playgoer. He tells a sad story of a distinguished public man who went to see "Letty." At the end of the fourth act he repaired behind the scenes to complain that he could not understand it. When it was explained to him that the fourth act was meant to be understood by people who had seen the first, he retorted, "Oh, but I came in too late for that!" Dinner cuts into the drama, and the playgoer has an excellent digestion, but an unsatisfied mind. What is the remedy? "High tea," says Mr. Pinero. "Take the five-act play at seven o'clock, and sit down to a square meal at half-past ten. What dreams may come will be dreams of the play, and even nightmare may prove an advertisement for the author." I don't think that dinner at ten-thirty would cause this discomposure to people who dine copiously and sup madly, despite the advice of Dr. Barrie. His prescription in "Little Mary" is to lunch at two, dress for tea at six, and go to bed early without further refreshment. This is life in the country; but has the learned physician reflected that a visit to Wyndham's Theatre after tea would make a man desperately hungry? As it is, I am told that famished playgoers rush from "Little Mary" into wild excesses of midnight lobster.

At Wyndham's nobody actually eats anything before your eyes except an apple, and Dr. Barrie's moral of abstinence provokes a morbid craving for food. At the Duke of York's there are exciting meals nearly all the time. Letty has tea and sausage-roll on the roof of a house, where the dear, poetical thing sees the wealth of millionaires rising to the sky and making a dome of solid gold. She does not eat the sausage-roll, but drops it into the street upon the head of an organ-grinder, who bursts promptly into melody. Letty dances to the strain—a delightful picture; and with almost tearful joy I recall the street-organ in "Trelawny of the Wells," which played "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming" for Miss Irene Vanbrugh to sing. After tea on the roof there is dinner at the Café Régence—rather a gloomy affair, which consists chiefly of paying the bill; but then comes Mandeville's supper to Letty and her friends, especially Hilda, the candidly greedy, who says "Champagne's my wine," and eats all the sole that is left in the dish. There are mussels with the sole, and little Perry, the photographer, thinks they are dangerous—at least for the humbler classes. You may read in the evening papers of young men and maidens who ate mussels at beanfeasts, and expired on the following day. It is no such tragic circumstance which puts an abrupt end to Mandeville's hospitality. It is closing time. "Now could I drink hot blood," says Hamlet about the same hour. But he couldn't; it would not be served at the Café Elsinore in that witching moment. The electric lights of the Café Régence, which till now have shone with the pensive radiance of the East Room at the Criterion, suddenly flicker and fade; and the scene might remind you of a "Nocturne" by Whistler, but for Mandeville's uncontrollable impulse to fight the manager.

I give you my word that, after these dramatic repasts, I had no desire to eat; the play was too absorbing. What would happen to Letty now? The sinister tangle of that young woman's life may not stimulate high thinking; but it gave me no appetite for supper. Even when Letty was comfortably married to the photographer, a conclusion which has caused some offence, I was in no humour for mussels. Had this train of emotion begun at seven after high tea, half-past ten would have found me supperless, sad, and possibly sardonic. The critic who inveighs in the *Daily Mail* against Letty's union with the photographer, as if it were a personal injury to himself—how could he have sat down to the spread enjoined by the cynical Pinero? Those meals at the Duke of York's trouble him sorely. "A serious author," he says, would have left out the sausage-roll and made that tea on the roof a refined entertainment, as a contrast to vulgar ostentation in the dinner at the Café Régence. The poor gentleman has mixed up the dinner-party and the supper-party, and cannot see that the sausage-roll is the gem of the whole menu. He

is in love with Letty, and so am I; he calls sun and moon to witness that she could never have wedded the photographer after she had escaped from the rowdy stockjobber and the fascinating young man about town. I am equally jealous of Perry, but mournfully admit that he is a perfectly natural solution of the problem. That Letty should marry that insignificant little man with the camera, who says "I am obliged" when the sitting is over, is just one of those extremely sensible things which young women in her case occasionally do. But do not ask me to eat! I shall never see a sausage-roll again without murmuring, "Ever of thee! Where's that organ?"

The truth is that Mr. Pinero is a realist of the first order; and so we dispute about his characters, his essential characters, just as we dispute about the people we know. Mr. William Archer regrets that a dramatist who can draw men and women so strongly, as they appear in social conditions which make the judicious grieve, has no philosophy about those conditions, does not tell us what he thinks of them, and how they can be mended. In some future play, says Mr. Archer, Mr. Pinero may repair this oversight. I notice that Mr. Max Beerbohm is diverted by this suggestion. It implies that Mr. Pinero is a man of ideas, whereas Mr. Max Beerbohm does not believe he has any. True, his plays are fashioned for the most part out of human nature, and not out of stage conventions; but he is only a playwright after all; do not ask him for a philosophy. Where is this desirable article? Who supplies it? What artist of European renown shows us how to reform society, or even to patch it up? Has Ibsen this illumination? Norah Helmer slams the door on her husband and children, and Hedda Gabler, with her fingers in a man's life, commends the suicidal gentleman "to do it beautifully," and Hilda Wangel complacently watches her architect toppling off his tower. Are we much enlightened? Tolstoy has some prodigious ideas. One of them is that the human race had better make an end of itself. Do we find that helpful? M. Paul Hervieu, who dramatises the spirit of Maupassant, is he a philosopher? Or are we to take the last word of modern drama from the author who wrote a moving French play on the social evils of wet-nursing?

A Royal Commission was appointed a few months ago to inquire into our national physique. Will it take the evidence of the reformers who write to the papers to protest against the use of soap? "Soap," says one of them, "removes the natural oil which the Almighty designed for the protection of our skins." The pores fly open, "any vile matter" that may be lurking around enters in, and presently we are making a feeble show at Bournemouth in bath-chairs. When I read this, I wish fate had made me a chimney-sweep, or given me the ambition of the amateur actor who blacked himself all over to play Othello. What is the death-rate among chimney-sweeps? They look uncommonly hardy when one meets them; but that may be due to the boldness of their professional complexion. The village blacksmith may have looked the whole world in the face; but in pure self-reliance, I should say that the sweep, especially the young sweep, could give him points. Will any sweep be good enough to tell us the secret? Has it anything to do with the preservation of that "natural oil" against the insidious decadence produced by soap? There must be some veteran acrobat of the chimney engaged upon his memoirs, and if he would favour me with a few shreds and patches I should say with fervour, like Mr. Pinero's photographer, "I am obliged!" Posterity, dipping into an ancient volume of this journal—"In the Kensal Green of greatness called the files," as Mr. Kipling sings of the newspapers—might be greatly beholden to me and the sweep for the information that soot is an infallible remedy for national decay. Nay, this might be incorporated in Blue Books, the light reading of boudoirs.

This affair is of grave importance; and when we have done with the fiscal business I hope some commanding statesman will take it up. Will Dr. Barrie's next play show us a household wherein a winsome fairy, impersonated by Miss Nina Boucicault, regenerates a whole family, physically and spiritually, by means of the cold bath and the rough towel? What did our virile ancestors know of soap, or, for that matter, of baths and towels? One reformer tells us that even these are needless, if you are engaged in active bodily exercise. What a witness he would make before the Commission! I should like to hear him declaim against the Turkish bath as an enervating swamp of Oriental luxury. Is it true that soap is bad for the feminine complexion? One lady recounts how her face was restored to more than maidenly bloom by a descendant of a famous family. It was an exciting process—skinning alive, or something of that kind; but the point now is to know whether the new complexion can be preserved by soap or whether that is a deadly enemy. Perhaps the new daily paper, which is to be written for gentlemen by gentlewomen, because men are sure to be its most diligent readers, will take up this branch of an inquiry vastly more intricate than all the tariffs.

ARGUMENTS IN THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

In the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, historic scene of the triumphs of Cobden and Bright, Mr. Morley upheld their principles with uncompromising fervour. He said they had been right about Free Trade, the Commercial Treaty with France, the Crimean War, and the American War, and he was not going to apologise for any of their prophecies. The whole weight of authority was against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals and the policy of the Government. He denied that our fiscal system had destroyed agriculture. On the contrary, it had helped the farmer to hold up his head, and had vastly improved the position of the labourer. Its success was visible in the enormous increase of income-tax assessments, savings banks deposits, and British shipping. Under Free Trade the average price of food had fallen 20 per cent. and wages had risen 15 per cent. Were the working-men of Lancashire going to abandon a system which had yielded such benefits? Party lines had been obliterated, and Liberals were co-operating with Conservatives to resist schemes aimed at the destruction of free imports, without which our national prosperity could not have been achieved. Lord Goschen, speaking in London, criticised the proposals for an Imperial Tariff. He said there could be no guarantee that the Colonies would be satisfied with the two shillings preference on corn. They might discover that it was not enough; and if we disputed that, the dispute must lead to dangerous friction. At Bolton Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman denounced Mr. Chamberlain's "political profligacy." He accused Mr. Balfour of readiness to let the Empire perish to save his Government. Retaliation was a makeshift, and the taxation of food could benefit nobody but the landowners, who were the chief obstacles to progress.

At Newcastle Mr. Chamberlain replied to his critics. He said the speeches of Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were mere personal abuse, and he left such politicians to wrap themselves in their own virtue and wisdom, which, he trusted, would keep them warm. Lord Rosebery, Lord Goschen, and Mr. Asquith had tried to break him down with Cobden Club figures, but he could accept those figures and yet change no word of his programme. Any fair review of our exports for thirty years showed that our foreign trade was declining. Our Colonial trade would go too if some scheme of commercial union were not adopted for the Empire. He did not propose any fresh taxation, and what the workman would lose on bread and meat under the preferential scheme he would gain on tea and sugar. He would be twopence or threepence a week to the good, and he would be able to do something to weld the Empire together. The men who had told him that his policy would ruin the unexampled prosperity of the country were the men who had said that the country could not stand the burden of the South African War. To ascribe all our prosperity to Free Trade was to ignore the discovery of gold and the invention of railways. To what did Germany owe her prosperity? Mr. Chamberlain denied that he had declared the Empire to be on the verge of dissolution. But without the bond of commercial interests the several parts of the Empire would fall asunder.

PICTURESQUE JAPAN.

Japan has so endeared itself to all sections of the British community, the artistic and the practical—to the one by its ideal mode of life, and to the other by its extraordinary rise in the course of a generation from semi-barbarism to that of a first-class naval and military Power, with which we are not ashamed to conclude an alliance—that any check put upon her prosperity by the *brutum fulmen* of Russia would be viewed as a disaster to the world's progress. Some glimpses of her delightful civilisation, her beautiful scenery, and her picturesquely attractive people are given in the double-page Illustration which we publish in the present number. Horikiri, the famous pleasure-resort near the city of Tokio, forms the subject of two of our Illustrations. This iris-garden is open to the public during May and June, and in the latter month the flowers are at their best. At all seasons in Japan, Uyeka Ya, the flower and plant dealer, goes from door to door with his wares slung from a pole across his shoulder. The dealer in our Illustration is selling the dawn-flower, or morning glory, known in England as the convolvulus. The Japanese have achieved the most wonderful variety of cultivation in this particular bloom, which they believe came to the country with the Buddhist religion. Since A.D. 895 it has been celebrated by the native poets. Another familiar street-merchant in Japan is the vendor of insects as pets. He calls "Mushi!" as he goes, and offers for sale fireflies, beetles, or chirping crickets imprisoned in pretty little bamboo cages. Nearly every Japanese verandah displays one or more of these pets. The bulky cabinet on which the cages are displayed is carried by the vendor upon his shoulder. Yet another street character is the Buddhist priest, who goes from door to door soliciting alms, and ringing a little bell or a small gong as he prays for those who relieve his necessities. The two geishas who decorate our picture are dressed to represent the famous Samurai, the now extinct two-sworded knights, who gave up their lives for their chief, and whose spirit makes the Japanese of to-day, both in the army and the navy, so irresistible. Everywhere in the country there is beauty. Even the arsenal boasts its beautiful garden, where splendid trees come down to the edge of a lake that suggests only peace. But the foliage conceals the busy workshops, which are daily turning out the most recent patterns of guns and rifles; for the Japanese, as China learned to her cost, are superb fighters, and this Russia will certainly discover before she succeeds in crushing the Greeks of the East.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT THE LYRIC.

Somewhat paradoxically, Mr. George Edwardes has revived at the Lyric Theatre that type of entertainment which his "musical comedies" helped so largely to suppress, and he has carried out his experiment with customary thoroughness and success. To introduce Napoleon into a comic opera might seem a bold idea; but since the stage-Emperor is not asked to sing, and the story employed is practically that of Sardou's "Sans-Gêne," the policy of audacity justifies itself in a consistent plot and lavish spectacular display. It is no discredit to the librettist to say that the magnificent reproduction of costume and uniform under the Revolution and the Empire is what creates at the Lyric the most striking impression. It is as little discreditable to the composer to declare that Mr. Henry Hamilton's libretto, which carries to quite pathetic lengths the question of Sans-Gêne's divorce, makes of "The Duchess of Dantzig" rather a drama with music than a "light romantic opera." But Mr. Ivan Caryll's score is very happy, for all its occasionally intrusive appearance, in possessing the right Gallic strain of gaiety, dance measure, and sentiment. Unfortunately for the production, its prima donna last Saturday suffered from a cold; but Miss Evie Greene, with her fine voice and sense of character, should prove an acceptable heroine, when she recovers her singing power and is less spasmodic in her gaucherie. Meantime, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan is agreeably breezy, both as vocalist and actor, in the rôle of Sans-Gêne's faithful husband; Mr. Courte Pounds, surely the most versatile of tenors, shows himself a capital dancer and renderer of patter-songs; and a cultured baritone is discovered in Mr. Lawrence Rea; while Mr. Holbrook Blinn as Napoleon realises the traditional autocrat with the traditional poses. A band-box dance appeared to be the favourite "turn" with the Lyric first-night audience, but doubtless when the half-hour too much has been cut out of the dialogue, other numbers, especially certain duets, will make their mark and win its due for a musical play of real refinement and intelligibility.

"THE UNSEEN WORLD," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The Alhambra Theatre might seem to furnish just now a sufficiently attractive and varied programme, what with feats of marksmanship, tricks of magic, topical songs, and the like, not to mention its two impressive ballets, "Carmen" and "The Devil's Forge," but these have just been supplemented by an exhibition which is as instructive as it is novel and amusing. Encouraged by the success which attended the production of the first series of natural history pictures offered by the Urban-Duncan Micro-bioscope, the Alhambra management presented last Monday evening another and even more interesting collection entitled "Denizens of the Deep and the Unseen World." Revealed upon the screen with an astonishing fidelity that argues long study of some naturalist can be seen the movements and habits of the dogfish, the conger-eel, sea-bream, skate, lobsters (at war), crabs, crayfish, and the octopus; or, again, we have magnified the Zermatt spider, the American toad, the ship-rotting barnacles, and the chameleon (taking his meal). Here, then, is a music-hall giving lessons—and why not?—in natural science.

MUSIC.

On Saturday, Oct. 17, Herr Kubelik gave a concert at the Queen's Hall to a very large and enthusiastic audience. He once more gave evidence of his marvellous technique in the fantasia "Moïse" of Paganini, written for the G string alone. The concerto of Vieuxtemps was another *tour de force*, and was faultlessly played. Herr Kubelik seems this season to have added a greater depth of expression to his brilliancy of execution.

On the same afternoon the other young and celebrated performer, Miss Marie Hall, was giving a concert at the Crystal Palace. Miss Marie Hall seems to have gained immeasurably in a more even and sustained style of playing, though in her best moments she had but little to gain in brilliancy of execution. She played with Mr. Herbert Fryer the Violin and Pianoforte Sonata in G major of Brahms and the difficult solo of Bach, "Chaconne," which led to so many recalls that she at last gave as an encore an air of Bach written for the G string.

Miss Lydia Nervil, who appeared at the Promenade Concerts of Oct. 16 and 20, is a singer whose already known promise is fulfilling itself in very admirable performance. Her exquisitely pure soprano, most artistically controlled, was heard to the greatest advantage in Mozart's "Ah, pourquois me plaindre?"; and her mastery of sheer technique was proved in the difficult and florid "Bell Song," from Délibes' "Lakmé." Miss Nervil, who was enthusiastically recalled, has been a member of the Opéra Comique in Paris, and quite recently undertook for Miss Lucille Hill leading Wagnerian and other rôles with the Carl Rosa Company.

The ever-welcome Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts begin on Saturday, Oct. 24, at the St. James's Hall, under the direction of Professor Johann Kruse. Among several novelties announced in the season's programme are a violin sonata by Busoni, a string quartet by Eugen d'Albert, a quintet and a violin sonata by Wilhelm Berger, piano variations by Glazounoff, a string sextet by Josef Holbrooke, and a piano quartet by Robert Kahn.

It is delightful to note that the greatly neglected and under-valued composer, Berlioz, is not to have his centenary unnoticed. A special centenary concert, under the direction of Ethel Robinson, arranged by Professor Johann Kruse, will be given at the Queen's Hall on Nov. 12, at eight o'clock. An orchestra, especially selected, of one hundred performers has been engaged, and the conductor will be Herr Felix Weingartner, who, with M. Malherbe, has edited Berlioz' works on behalf of Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel. Mr. Tom S. Wotton has been responsible for the English revision and editing of the text.

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CANNES.—GRAND HOTEL DU PAVILLON.—First-class Hotel. Every comfort. Splendid position full south. Electric Light, Bath, & Beautiful Garden. Winter Garden. Special terms to early visitors.—PAUL BORG, Proprietor.

ST. MARGHERITA.—GRAND HOTEL METROPOLE. Open all the year. First-class south-west aspect. Large Gardens down to Sea. Electric Light. Arrangements for Families. Excellent Restaurant.—G. CIANA, Proprietor.

TAORMINE.—GRAND HOTEL SAINT DOMENICA. Reopened October 1. First-class Hotel. Beautiful situation full south.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TREATY.

The signature of the Arbitration Treaty between England and France on the day of the King of Italy's arrival in Paris

has made a great impression in Europe. The Treaty itself is less remarkable as a diplomatic instrument than as a symptom of the profound change in the relations between the contracting Powers. "Difficulties of a juridical order, or such as relate to the interpretation of treaties," are to be referred to the Hague Tribunal, provided that they do not involve "the vital interests or the independence or honour" of the two States. This reservation is but common prudence. No Power would undertake to submit its vital interests, independence, or honour to any court of arbitration. But the new Treaty indicates very plainly that no such issue is likely to arise between England and France. The late war, so



THE MACEDONIAN CRISIS : AN INSURGENT BANNER AND ESCORT.

far from lowering our prestige in Europe, has greatly increased it, and our foreign relations are conspicuously better now than they have been any time these ten years. There can be no doubt that the British Government has had the support of France and Italy in the policy which has evidently influenced Austria and Russia in the Macedonian question, although they claim to have anticipated Lord Lansdowne's proposal of foreign control in the application of their scheme of reforms.

THE COMPLETION OF THE MINISTRY.

By the appointment of the Earl of Hardwicke to be Under-Secretary for India, the Earl of Donoughmore to be Under-Secretary for War, Mr. C. Scott Dickson, K.C., to be Lord Advocate, and Mr. David Dundas, K.C., to be Solicitor-General for Scotland, Mr. Balfour has completed the construction of his "Retaliation" Ministry.

Albert Edward Philip Henry Yorke, sixth Earl of Hardwicke, was born at the British Embassy in Paris on March 14, 1867, the only son of the fifth Earl and of Sophie Georgiana, seventh daughter of the first Earl Cowley. For four years he was Hon. Attaché to the Embassy at Vienna. The post of Under-Secretary for India is not new to him.

The Earl of Donoughmore, who is eight years younger than Lord Hardwicke, has had no previous Ministerial experience. He is an Irish Earl, sits in the House of Lords as Viscount Hutchinson, and is a nephew of Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, the Governor of Cape Colony.

Mr. Charles Scott Dickson was born in Glasgow in September 1850, was educated at the High School in that city and at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, was called to the Scotch Bar in 1877, took silk in 1896, and in the same year became Solicitor-General for Scotland.

Mr. David Dundas, his successor as Solicitor-General for Scotland, was born in Edinburgh in 1854, educated at Edinburgh University and at Balliol College, Oxford, and was called to the Scottish Bar in 1878. From 1886 until 1892 he was an Advocate Député,



THE RUSSO-JAPANESE DIFFICULTY : A RUSSIAN BRIDGE-GUARD ON THE MANCHURIA RAILWAY.

and from 1896 till 1898 Interim Sheriff of Argyllshire. He unsuccessfully contested Linlithgowshire at the last election.

JAPAN AND RUSSIA. The war-cloud which has hung over the Far East during the past few days seems for the moment to be lightening, but the inevitable conflict between Russia and Japan is only indefinitely postponed.

Russia's solemn engagement to evacuate Manchuria remains, as was to be expected, unfulfilled, and that although she has at least once before put off the evil

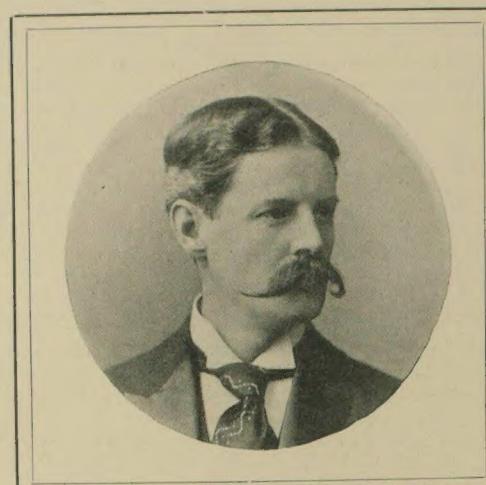
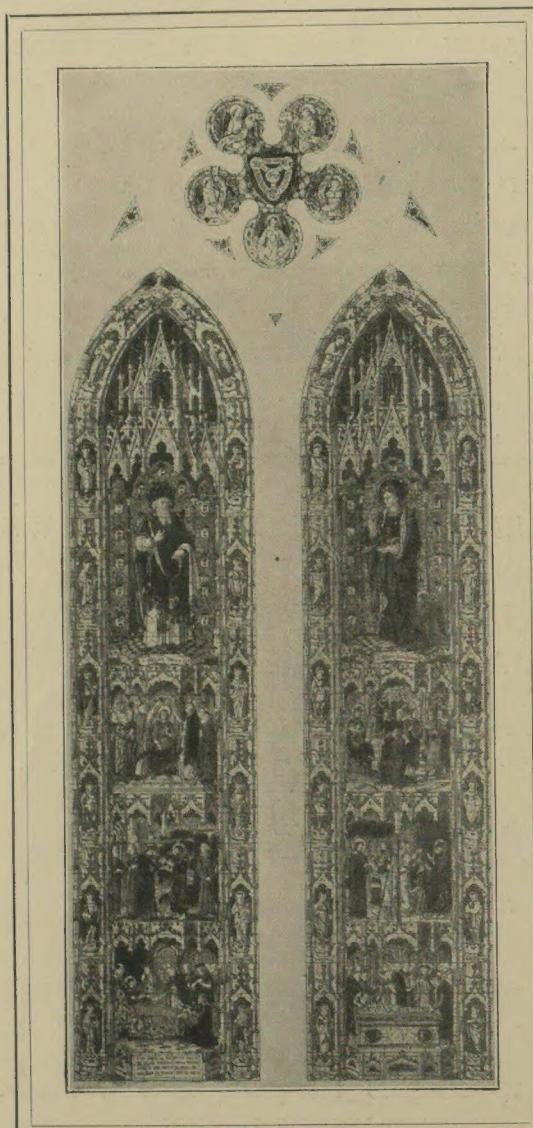


Photo. Moffat.
THE RIGHT HON. DAVID DUNDAS,
SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND.

day, and it is unlikely that Japan would submit to her continued presence in that region. Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister at St. James's, has said that the problem of Japan's probable action cannot be settled until it is definitely known what Russia's future policy may be. This, however, is clearly enough outlined in certain Russian journals, which have definitely declared that armed occupation is intended as long as there are interests to guard. At the same time the Russian Press denies emphatically that Japan has any right to interfere. This view is supported by General Alexeieff, the Russian Viceroy in Eastern Asia, and all the indications point to



THE ST. EDWARD WINDOW, POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The window, which was dedicated last St. Edward's Day, is the gift of Mr. James Hora, citizen of Westminster, in memory of his late wife, Marie Celeste. The scheme of subjects, the chief of which commemorate the life of Edward the Confessor, was arranged by Dr. M. R. James, King's College, Cambridge.

a diplomatic deadlock, despite the protestations on both sides that the relations of both Powers are cordial. Russian troops, numbering about one hundred thousand men, are now stationed in and about Port Arthur. Strong naval forces, both Russian and Japanese, are watching each other in these waters. Too much importance, however, must not be attached to the reported landing of Japanese troops at Masampo in Korea; for the Japanese have a concession there, and the military movements are said to be in accordance with routine.

THE PEKING INCIDENT.

On the afternoon of Oct. 16 a sensational rumour was circulated in London to the effect that an attempt had been made on Oct. 13 to blow up the British Legation at Peking. At the Chinese Embassy nothing was known

of any such occurrence, and it was considered ridiculous that a plot of that nature could have received any countenance from the Court or Palace officials in the Chinese capital. The *Times* correspondent, who sent the news, said that at a military ball an attempt was made apparently to blow up the magazine where the ammunition is kept for the defence of the Legation. The breech-blocks and sights of the 47 guns had been stolen, but these were afterwards recovered in the native city. It was further stated that electric wires had been laid as though to effect an explosion, but these had not been connected. The affair is now regarded as a mere canard, and seems to have originated in an ordinary robbery of military stores committed by Chinese servants.

MACEDONIA. The Turko-Bulgarian agreement is now at last in operation, after a fashion, and orders have been issued for the disbanding of the



THE MACEDONIAN CRISIS : TURKISH AND BULGARIAN SENTRYS WITHIN HAIL ON THE FRONTIER BRIDGE AT BARAKOVA.

10,000 troops mobilised by the last-named Government. Turkey has at the same time bound herself to disband double the number of troops recently on service in Anatolia. The Ottoman Power, however, with its inevitable shiftiness, intends that the disbandment order shall affect only the reserves called up from Asia Minor, a proceeding which has not reassured the Government of Sofia as to Turkey's good faith in the matter. Further Turkish regulars are called out.

We have pleasure in directing our readers' attention to our Illustrated Supplement containing Major Powell-Cotton's account of his explorations in unknown Equatorial Africa. The explorer, who has just returned from a twenty-months' expedition, during which he added greatly to our knowledge of the Dark Continent, has from his early youth had a passion for travel and adventure, and his previous wanderings extend to Kashmir, Thibet, Burma, and Japan. He is one of the most noteworthy big-game hunters of the present day. He was the first European to kill the Abyssinian ibex; and his collection of Kashmir and Thibetan game—all the specimens having been shot by himself—is placed in his private museum at Quex Park.

ITALY AND FRANCE. King Victor Emmanuel III. and his Queen left Pisa on Oct. 13 *en route* for France, which has in reserve, for all its Republican principles, a great deal of devotion for royalty provided it be not French. The first halt after crossing the frontier was made at Dijon, where great preparations had been made to give their Majesties a hearty welcome. The municipal authorities and prominent citizens were in attendance at the railway-station, and many presentations were made. His Majesty alighted and inspected the guard of honour of the 27th Infantry Regiment, whose flag he saluted. The incident was a significant compliment from the army of Italy to the army of France, for Victor Emmanuel was dressed in the

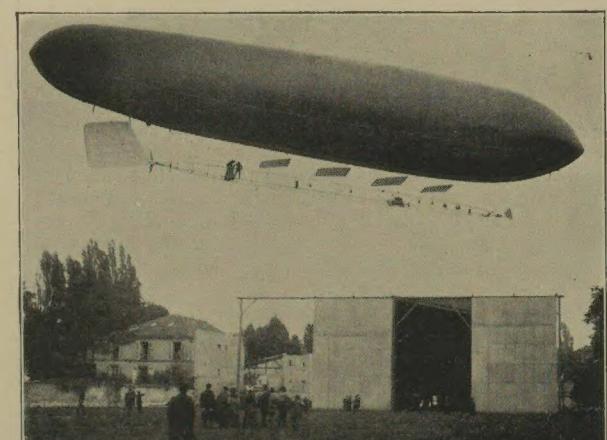


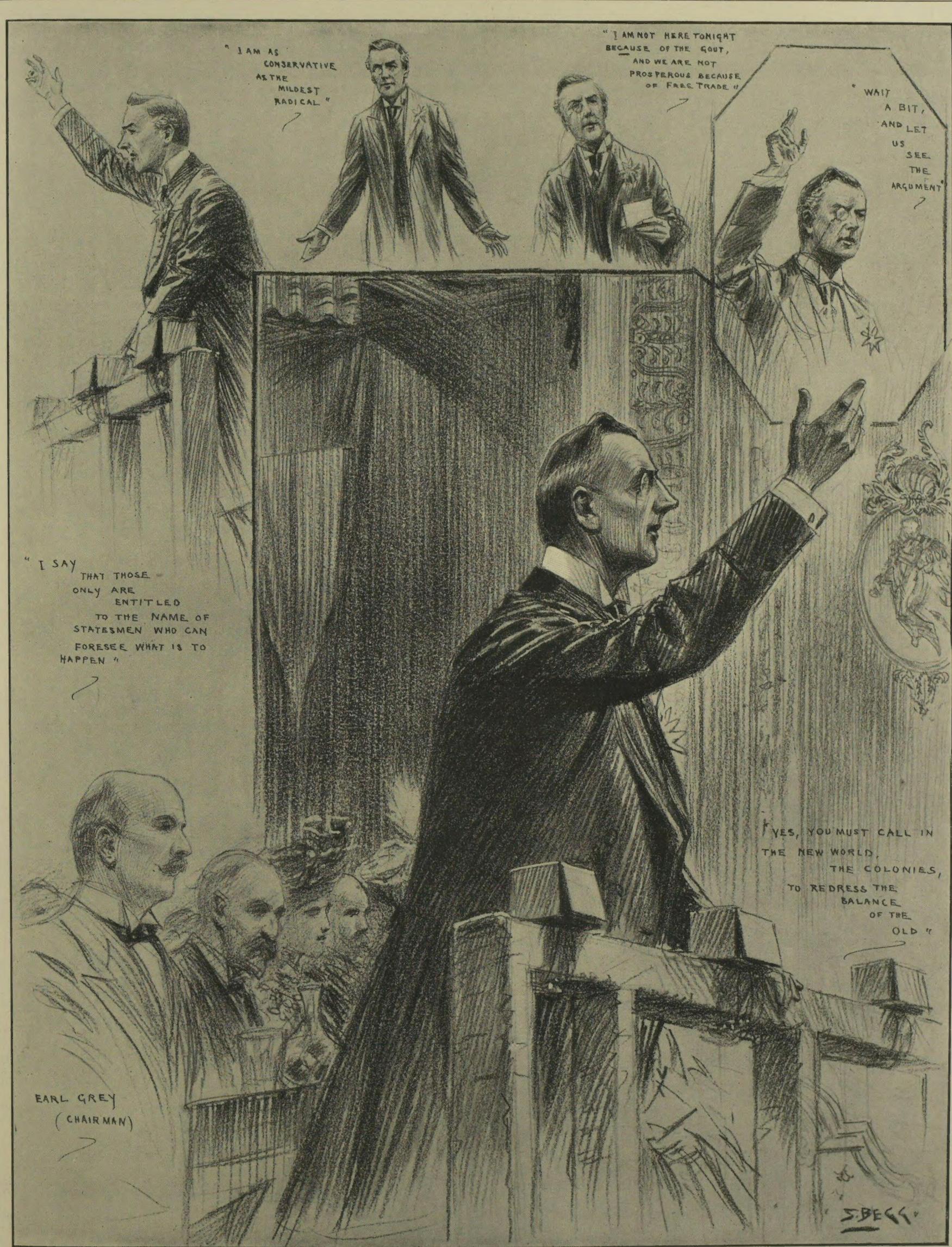
Photo.-*Nouvelles*, Paris.
M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S NEW MONSTER BALLOON : THE FIRST ASCENT, OCTOBER 19.

On his first ascent the aeronaut was accompanied by two American ladies. Four more basket-cars will be added, to hold an unusually large number of passengers.

uniform of his own Bersaglieri. About half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th, the royal train arrived at the Bois de Boulogne Station, where President and Madame Loubet greeted their guests in the name of France. Official personages

THE PROTECTIONIST LEADER'S THIRD GREAT FISCAL SPEECH: THE NEWCASTLE MEETING.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NEWCASTLE.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT VARIOUS POINTS OF HIS NEWCASTLE ADDRESS, OCTOBER 20.

Mr. Chamberlain spoke to a vast audience in the Olympia Hall. Earl Grey occupied the chair, and on the platform was a representative gathering of distinguished Protectionists. The speech was communicated to the local newspaper offices by telephone, the receivers of which may be noted on the rail in front of the speaker. From the newspaper offices sixty telegraphists sent the speech throughout the country.

were introduced, and then the King and President, followed by the Queen and Madame Loubet, proceeded to their carriages and drove to the Palais d'Orsay. In the evening President Loubet entertained their Majesties at a banquet at the Elysée, where the monarch and the first citizen, in the name of their respective countries, exchanged sentiments of mutual goodwill. On the following day the King and Queen of Italy drove to Versailles, where they visited the scene so inseparably connected with the ill-fated "son of St. Louis." In the evening they attended a performance at the Opera. On Oct. 16 there was a luncheon at the Italian Embassy and a banquet at the Quai d'Orsay, followed by a concert. On Saturday, the 17th, M. Loubet had a shooting-party at Rambouillet, his country seat, and on Sunday the royal visitors took their departure.

THE LATE MR. J. C. CALLCOTT HORSLEY, R.A.



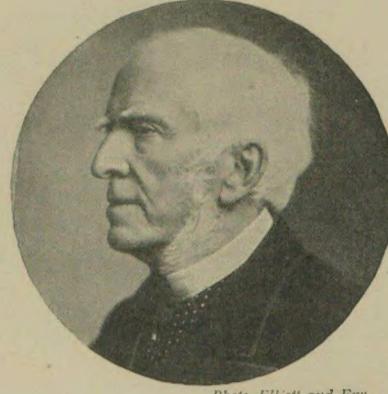
Photo, Dickinson.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM COLVILLE, HIS MAJESTY'S MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

MGR. MERRY DEL VAL, NEW PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. J. CALLCOTT HORSLEY, ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

John Callcott Horsley came of a family of musicians and artists. His father, William Horsley, was the well-known composer of glees; his grandfather, the even more prominent Dr. Callcott; his granduncle, Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, R.A., the distinguished landscape-painter. His own career as an artist began with

Val, an exponent of Cardinal Rampolla's party, is likely to pursue a more irreconcilable policy than his predecessor. Whatever the cause of the selection, however, and whatever its ultimate result, there is no doubt that Pius X. has a consummate diplomatist in his new Secretary, and, moreover, a diplomatist conversant with the

the poor a devoted friend. In the intervals of his official duties, Sir William found time to take deep and active interest in the welfare of the less fortunate. For years he worked at the House of Charity in Soho, and in the Newport Market Refuge, as well as giving considerable time to the service of Chelsea Hospital and a Bethnal Green parish. His charitable work, however, brought him little before the public, and it was as Comptroller and Treasurer to the Household of the late

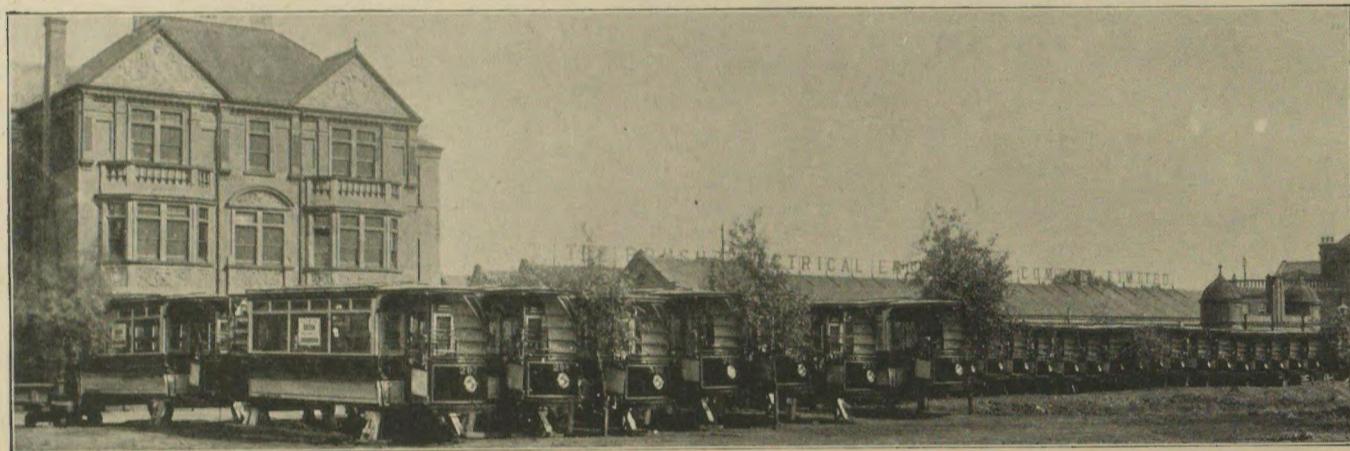
Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and as Master of the Ceremonies to Queen Victoria and King Edward, that he was most widely known. Sir William, who was the son of General Sir Charles Colville, and thus brother to the late Viscount Colville of Culross, was born in 1827, and entered the Army as an Ensign of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade in 1845, serving in Canada, and, on the Staff of General Sir James Simpson at Alma and Sebastopol. Later, he was the holder of various Staff appointments, including that of

Brigade-Major at Malta, Shorncliffe, and elsewhere, and that of Assistant Inspector of Volunteers.

A NEW COLONY.

The separation of the Seychelles Islands from Mauritius, of which they have hitherto been a dependency, and their creation as a separate colony has been formally approved by the King. On the arrival of Sir C. Bruce, the Governor of Mauritius, on Nov. 7, the Colonial Letters Patent will be formally published. The first Governor of the new colony will be Mr. E. B. Sweet-Escott, who has for some time administered the islands. The population of the Seychelles numbers nearly twenty thousand, and the principal island is Mahé, which was captured from the French in 1794.

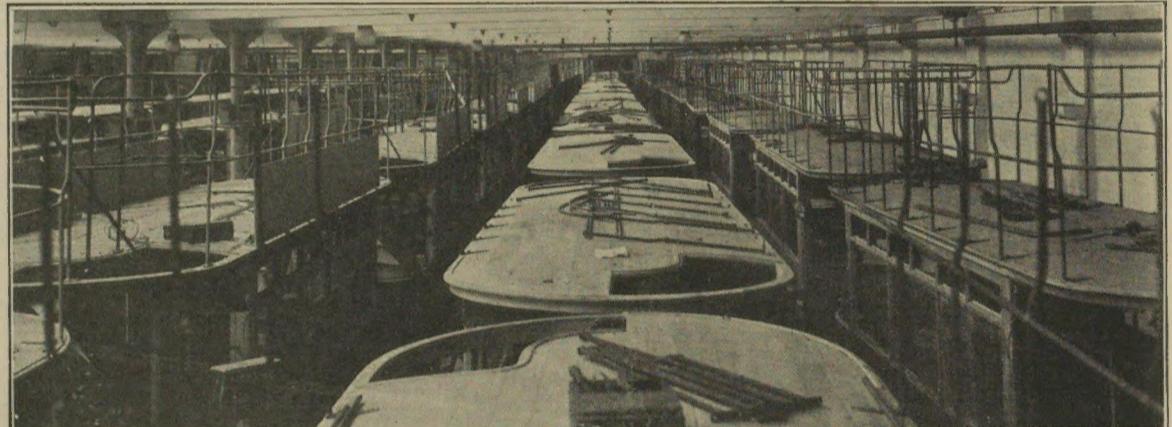
The banquet JOURNALISTS AT THE to London MANSION HOUSE. journalists given at the Mansion House on Oct. 17 by the Lord and Lady Mayoress—for the



THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE LONDON TRAMWAYS : A ROW OF L.C.C. CARS AWAITING DELIVERY.

The motor system is that of the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, and the cars have been built at their Falcon Works, Loughborough.

study in the Royal Academy Schools, and his first exhibited picture, "Rent-Day at Haddon Hall in the Sixteenth Century," gave augury of his future success. Selecting the majority of his subjects from domestic life, Mr. Horsley treated them in an unaffected manner and with a skill of composition that won him many admirers. Evidence that, had he wished, he might have won fame as a historical painter is supplied by his cartoon of "St. Augustine Preaching," by his small frescoes executed for the Palace at Westminster, by his fresco "Religion," for the House of Lords; and by his colossal work, "Henry V., Believing the King Dead, Assumes the Crown." Of late years Mr. Horsley, who at the time of his death on Oct. 19 was in his eighty-seventh year, had ceased to paint, but continued to take an interest in the Royal Academy, of which he had become Associate in 1855, and full member a year later. During Lord Leighton's presidency he acted as treasurer, and for over twenty years he was primarily responsible for the winter exhibitions of Old Masters.



THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE LONDON TRAMWAYS : A BAY OF THE CAR-BODY ERRECTING-SHOP AT LOUGHBOROUGH.

methods of the Courts of England, Madrid, and Vienna. Mgr. Merry del Val, who speaks English better than any other language, was born in London, his mother being Irish, his father the Spanish Ambassador to the Court of

St. James's. His selection for the most important office in the Papal Court places him in the Cardinalate at the early age of thirty-eight, a year older than Richelieu, a year younger than Mazarin.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM COLVILLE.

By the death of Colonel the Hon. Sir William James Colville on Oct. 16, the King not only lost an able and popular Master of the Ceremonies, and the Court a universal favourite, but

revival of a precedent set some years ago—provided opportunity for some excellent after-dinner speaking. The customary loyal toast was followed by that of "The President of the Institute of Journalists and the Representatives of the London Press," proposed by the Lord Mayor and felicitously replied to by Mr. J. Nicoll Dunn.

PROPHET AND MILLIONAIRE.

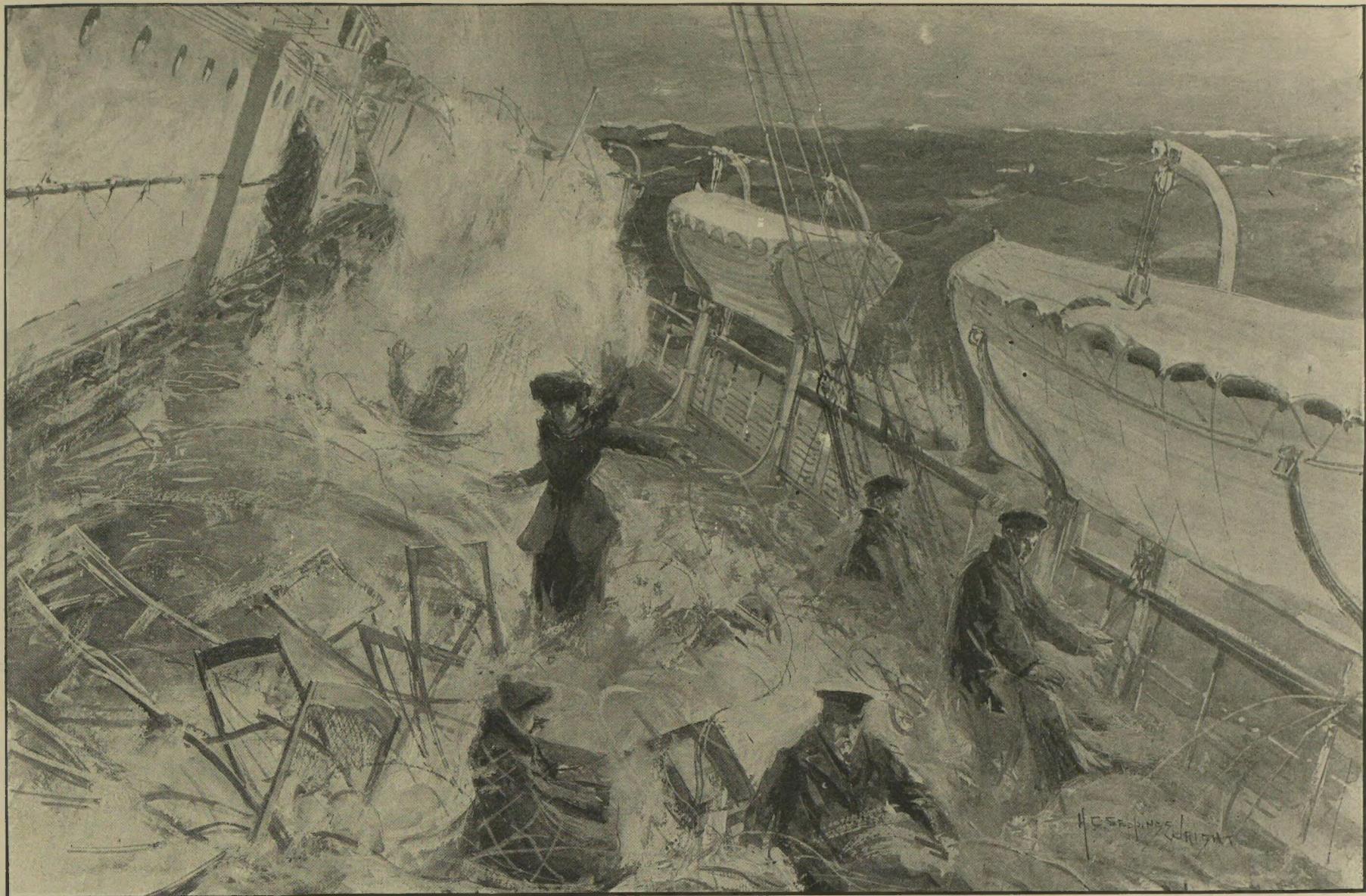
Dr. Dowie's descent upon New York in general, and the millionaire and Wall Street broker in particular, has not been welcomed with the heartfelt enthusiasm that "Elijah II."—accustomed to honour in his own country—doubtless anticipated. The spectacle of the new "Elijah," prophet and millionaire of Zion City, driving to the Plaza Hotel in his private carriage, while the members of the "Restoration Host" took trolley-car to the cheaper boarding-houses, can hardly have been inspiring.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY AWARD.

Canada considers herself aggrieved by the official award of the Alaska Boundary Commission, to which the representatives of Great Britain and the United States put their signatures on Oct. 20. The Canadian Commissioners refused to sign, urging that the decision was not a judicial one. The United States have got practically all that they wanted, for the Tribunal has found that the treaty of 1825 intended to give Russia a continuous strip of coast separating the British possessions from the sea between latitude 56 and meridian 141. The United States, it will be remembered, purchased Russia's rights. With regard to Portland Channel, however, the decision is mainly in favour of Great Britain.



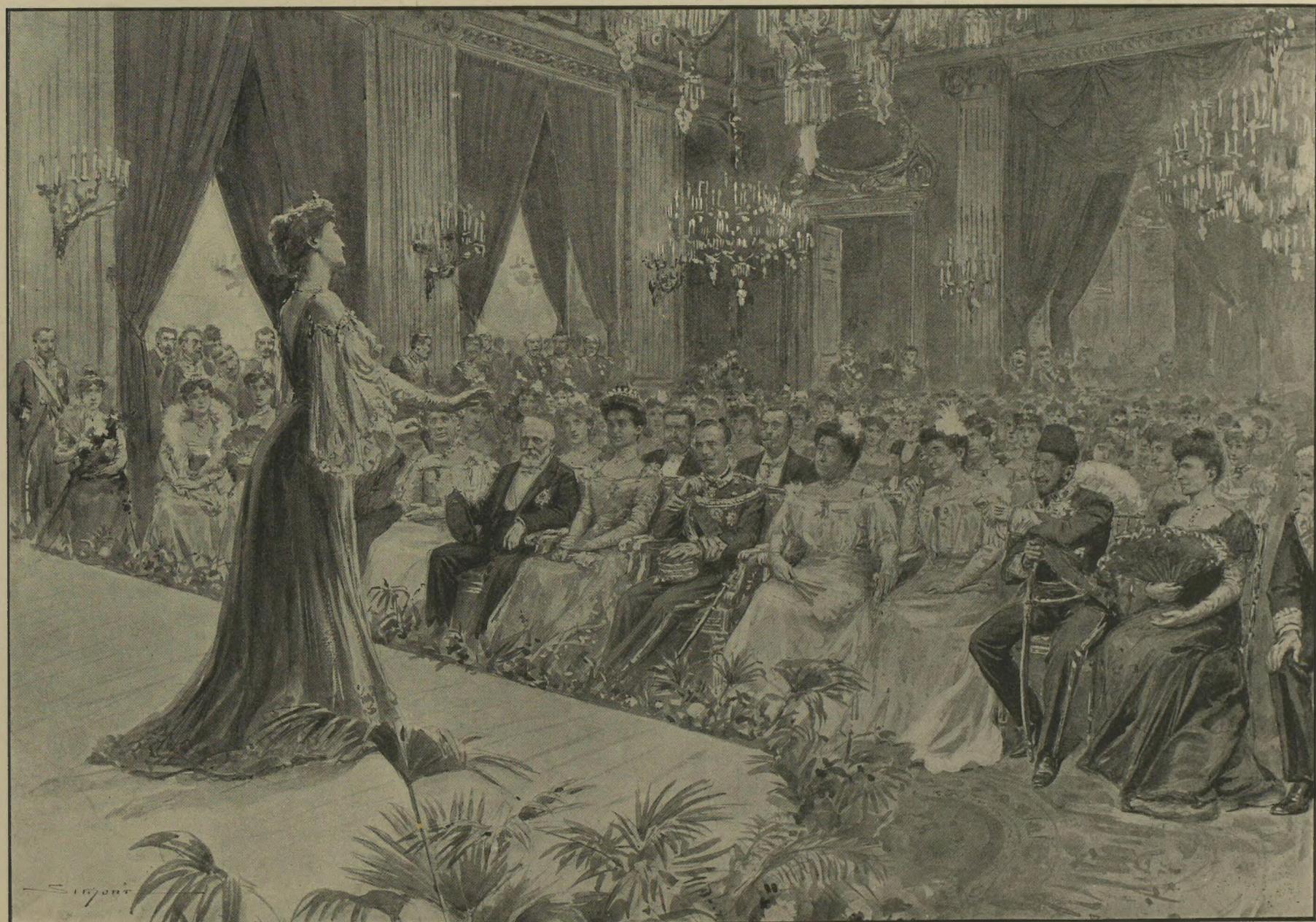
ITALIAN ROYALTY AND FRENCH DEMOCRACY AT VERSAILLES : THE QUEEN WITH PRESIDENT LOUBET, AND THE KING WITH MADAME LOUBET.



THE EXTRAORDINARY LEeward TIDAL WAVE BREAKING OVER THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP "ETRURIA" IN THE ATLANTIC, OCTOBER 10.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. CHARLES HANDS.

The "Etruria" left New York on October 10, and shortly after passing Fire Island was swept by a huge wave which came unexpectedly from leeward, an almost unprecedented direction. A Mr. Hall was killed, and many other passengers were swept along the deck in confusion. Part of the forward bridge was carried away, and the man depicted on the extreme right was swept thither from the bridge.



M. Loubet. The Queen. The King. Madame Loubet.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY IN PARIS: A DRAMATIC RECITAL AFTER THE BANQUET AT THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

DRAWN BY M. SIMONT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

M. Delcassé's banquet to the King and Queen of Italy, at the Quai d'Orsay, was followed by a concert and dramatic recital at which the leading artists of Paris appeared. Mlle. Bartet is here represented reciting. Others who appeared were Madame Caïv, Mlle. Jeanne Granier, and M. Mounet-Sully.

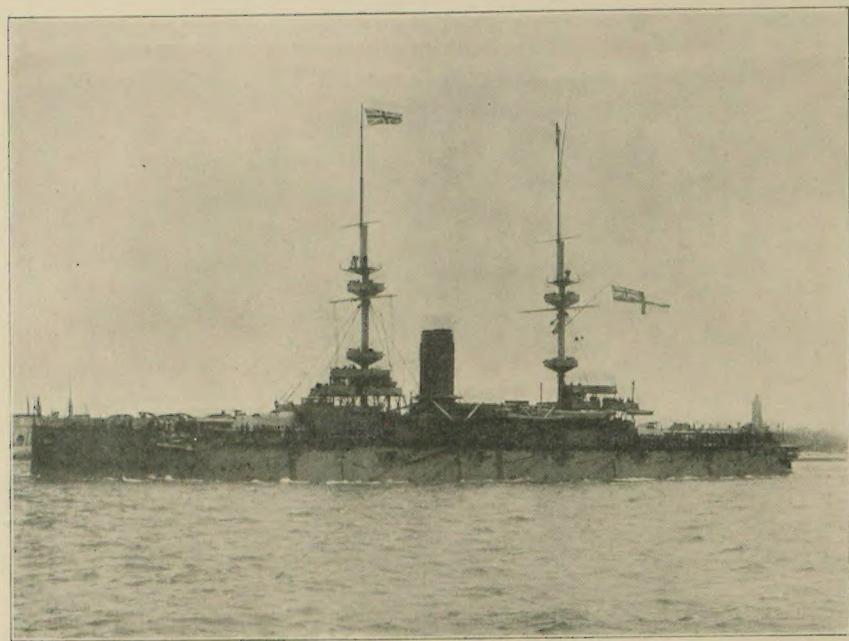
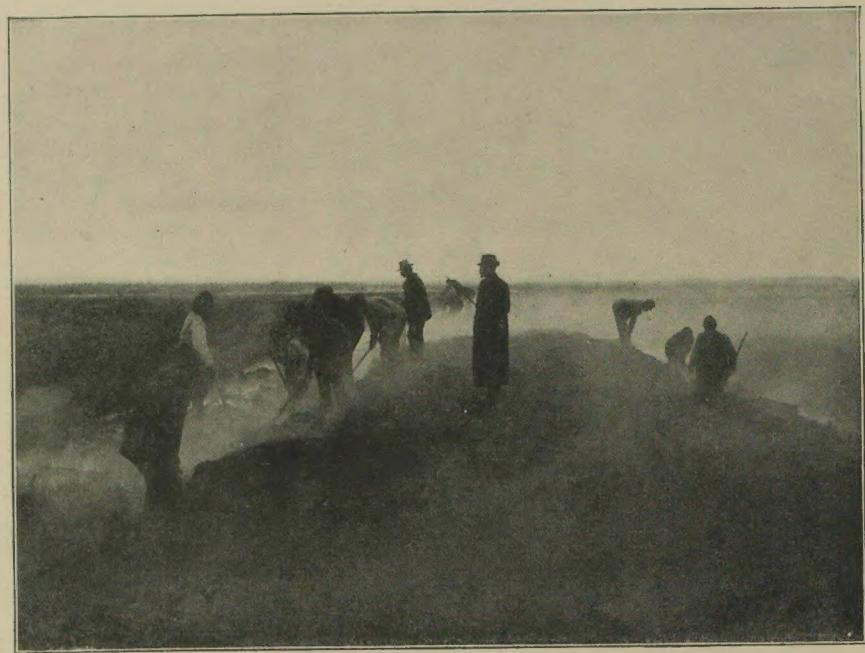


Photo. Symons.

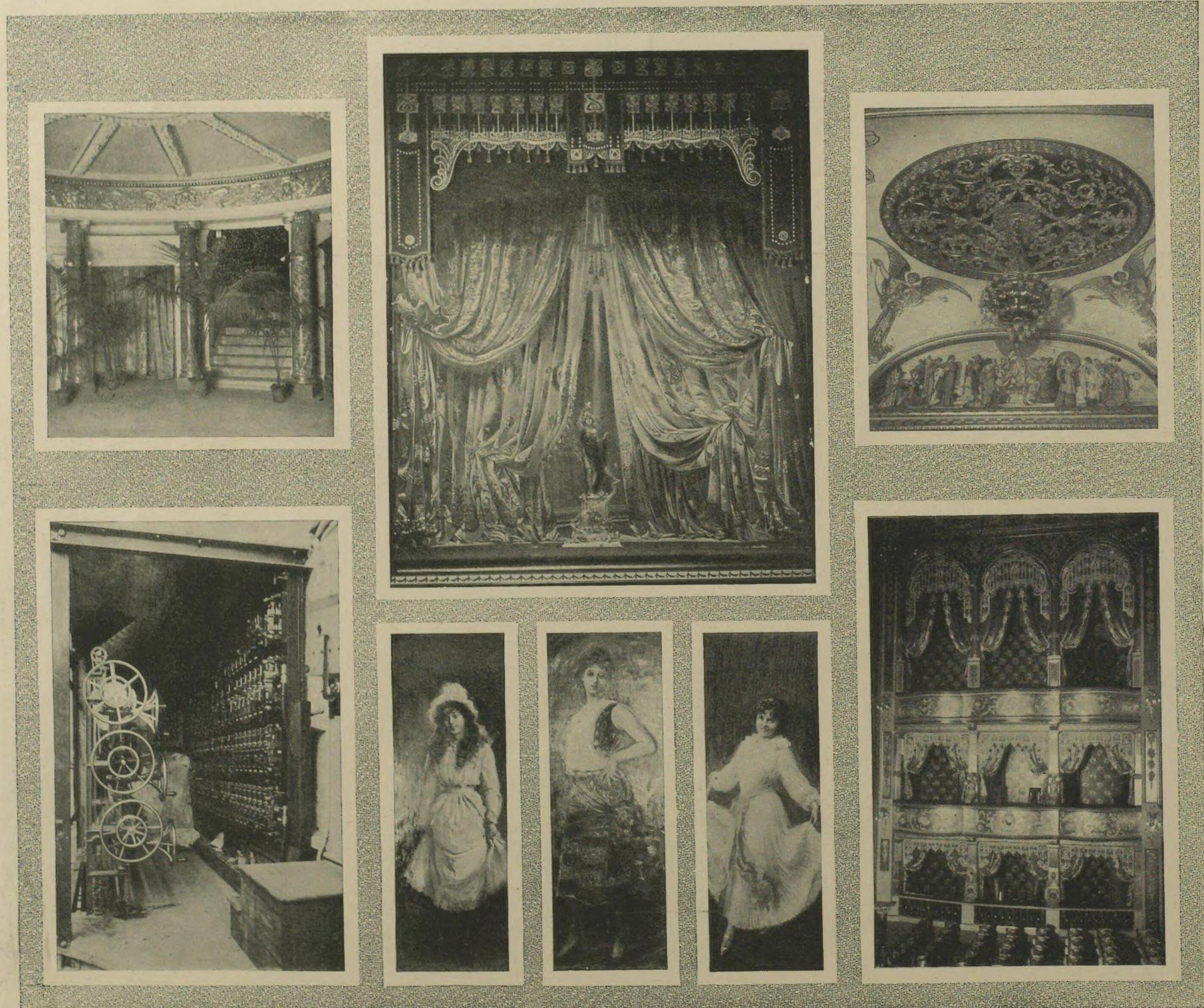
THE "PRINCE GEORGE," DAMAGED IN A COLLISION OFF CAPE FINISTERRE.

On the night of October 17, the "Hannibal" collided with the "Prince George" during a turning movement. The former vessel was undamaged, but the aft submerged torpedo-flat of the latter filled with water, and she was towed into Ferrol. At the time of the accident both battle-ships were manoeuvring with lights out.



A GREAT MOOR FIRE IN HUNGARY: THE BURNING ECSEDER MOORS.

The fire, which burned for over a week, spread over an extensive tract of country, consuming all before it, and five lives at least are known to have been lost. Field-workers and soldiers were requisitioned to dig trenches in order to prevent the spread of the fire, the origin of which is unknown.



THE BOX-OFFICE AND VESTIBULE.

THE ELECTRIC SWITCH-BOARD.

THE ELABORATELY DRAPED CURTAIN.

FOYER PANEL:
MISS NELLIE FARREN.FOYER PANEL:
MISS KATE VAUGHAN.FOYER PANEL:
MISS LETTY LIND.

THE CEILING.

THE PROMPT-SIDE BOXES.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE, OCTOBER 24: DETAILS OF THE BUILDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.

In the foyer are decorative panels bearing portraits of the following Gaiety favourites: Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, Letty Lind, Sylvia Grey, and Ellaline Terriss. The new Gaiety has been designed by Messrs. Runtz and Ford.

RECENT EVENTS IN THE UNITED STATES.



Photo Romans.

A RELIC OF ALASKAN TRIBAL OBSERVANCES: A REMARKABLE TOTEM POLE ERECTED IN PIONEER SQUARE, SEATTLE.

The "totem" among savage tribes is a quasi-heraldic symbol usually of some bird or beast. Our illustration is reproduced by the courtesy of "Leslie's Weekly."



Photo. Grantham Bain.

THE MILLIONAIRES' MURDER SCARE: MR. PIERPONT MORGAN AND HIS GUARD.

Since the murder of a millionaire, capitalists have become very nervous, and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is closely guarded. He is here depicted coming from his yacht "Corsair," on board which he sleeps every night, and from which his escort accompany him every morning.

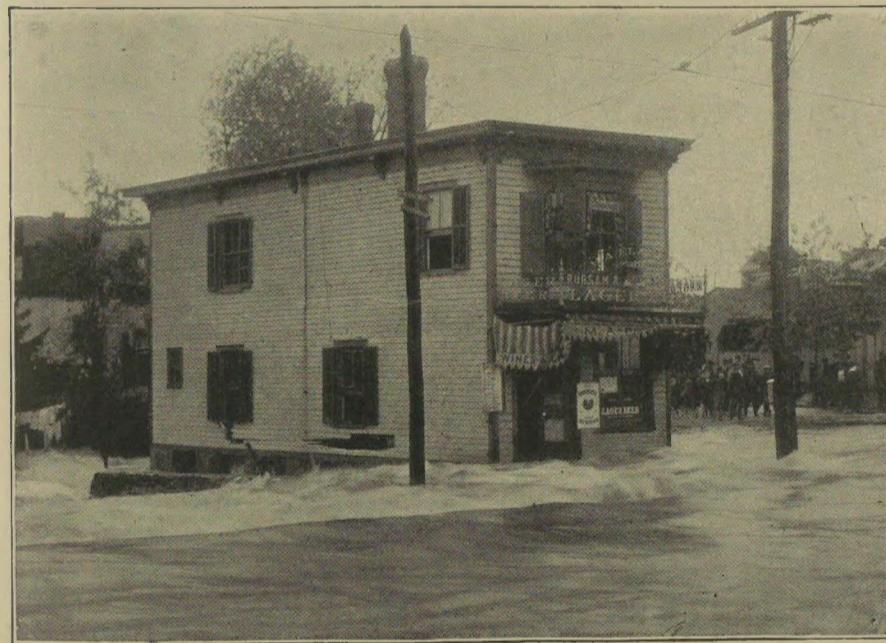


Photo. Grantham Bain.

AN EFFECT OF THE RECENT FLOODS IN NEW YORK: A HOUSE WITH A HOLE KNOCKED IN THE SIDE TO DRAIN OFF THE WATER.



Photo. Grantham Bain.

A TEMPORARY VENICE IN AMERICA: A STREET IN NEW YORK DURING THE RECENT GREAT RAINFALL AND FLOODS.

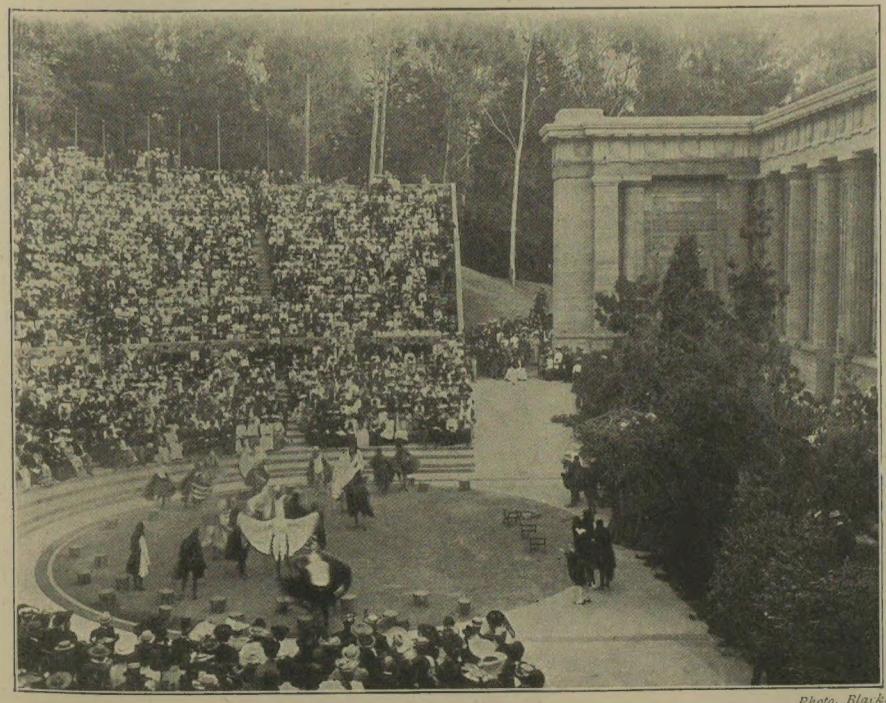


Photo. Black.

A GREEK THEATRE FOR CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY: "THE BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES.

At Berkeley, U.S.A., the University of California recently dedicated a Greek theatre, modelled after the famous building at Epidaurus. The first Attic drama to be performed at Berkeley was "The Birds" of Aristophanes, given in the presence of more than 10,000 spectators. Shakespeare in the Elizabethan manner and Racine's "Phèdre" will also be played in the theatre.



"Leslie's Weekly."

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY IN BOSTON: ENTERING TRINITY CHURCH.

Among the many picturesque ceremonials of the Honourable Artillery Company's visit to Boston, to exchange salutations with the daughter company in the Massachusetts capital, was the church parade. The ceremony attracted a great deal of public attention, and was watched by thousands of spectators.



1. ZION CITY, LOOKING WEST FROM EDINA TOWER.
Photographs by Grantham Bain.

2. THE RAILWAY STATION IN ZION CITY, TO BE REPLACED BY A LARGER BUILDING.

3. PROPHET AND MILLIONAIRE: DR. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, FOUNDER OF THE "CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH," ALSO OF ZION CITY AND ITS PROFITABLE LACE INDUSTRY.

4. THE ENTRANCE TO SHILOH TABERNACLE, ZION CITY.

5. THE FORMER RESIDENCE AND OFFICES OF DR. DOWIE, ZION CITY.

6. THE POST-OFFICE, ZION CITY.

7. THE STRIPPING MACHINE IN THE LACE-FACTORY, ZION CITY.

8. AT THE STATION, ZION CITY.

9. THE ELIJAH HOSPICE, ZION CITY.

10. DR. DOWIE IN HIS CARRIAGE.

11. THE INTERIOR OF THE SHILOH TABERNACLE.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE LATIN RACES: THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY TO FRANCE.



Photo, Simons.

ROYAL ITALY AT MARIE ANTOINETTE'S RUSTIC RETREAT: QUEEN HELENA VISITING THE COTTAGE AT VERSAILLES, OCTOBER 15.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY RECEIVED AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE STATION BY PRESIDENT LOUBET, OCTOBER 14.



ITALY GREETING THE FRENCH ARMY AT DIJON: KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AS COLONEL OF BERSAGLIERI SALUTING THE FLAG OF THE 27TH INFANTRY.



Photo, Cribb.

THE KING'S SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES: MIDHURST, WITH LORD'S COMMON, THE SITE, IN THE DISTANCE.

It is expected that King Edward will lay the foundation-stone of his Sanatorium at Lord's Common, Midhurst, on November 3. Patients and visitors for the institution will pass along the road shown in our photograph.



Photo, Ivor Gasson.

THE OPENING OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT BRISTOL: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES ENTERING THE CATHEDRAL IN PROCESSION.

The Church Congress was opened on October 13. The Archbishop was preceded in the procession by the precentor, the cathedral choir, diocesan clergy, and the Dean and Chapter.



THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, PRODUCED OCTOBER 17: SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The story is mainly that of Madame Sans-Gêne, and recounts the fortunes of Napoleon's vivacious laundress, Catherine Hupscher, who became the wife of Marshal Lefebvre, afterwards Duke of Dantzig.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY OF OUR EGYPTIAN PROTECTORATE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE BRITISH TROOPS ENACTING THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF CAIRO, OCTOBER 1882.

SIX NOVELS AND FACETIAE.

The Relentless City. By E. F. Benson. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Leonora. By Arnold Bennett. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence. By G. R. and E. S. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Great Reconciler. By the Author of "Miss Molly." (London: Methuen. 6s.)
Treasure and Heart. By Mary Deane. (London: John Murray. 6s.)
The Peril of the Sword: Concerning Havelock's Relief of Lucknow, etc. By Colonel A. F. P. Harcourt. (London: Skeffington. 6s.)
Scintillæ Juris, and Meditations in the Tea-Room. By the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling. (London: Stevens and Haynes. 5s.)

Mr. E. F. Benson has returned from a world of charming fantasy to his smart people; from "The Book of Months," in fact, to "The Relentless City," which, but that the same characters do not appear, might pass as a sequel to "Mammon and Co." and "Scarlet and Hyssop." If the new book lacks the poesy—possibly, too, some of the sincerity—of its immediate predecessor, it still holds abundance of keen observation, of wit, and pungent satire. It flicks at the follies and venality of society with a silken lash, and it leaves its weal. It is "written round" the American invasion of England; and because it is up-to-date before all, it presents an impressive picture of Lewis S. Palmer, financier and millionaire, and his spider's web of control over vast affairs, among sketches, no less vivid, of impoverished British aristocrats and the New York plutocracy. Mrs. Lewis S. Palmer, who would have given to the casual observer at the Carlton "the impression that she was lightly but exclusively clothed in diamonds," affords a satirical talent its prime opportunity: it is to the author's credit as a sympathetic student of humanity that he ranges her good nature within vision, not to be obscured even by her vulgarities. The action takes place partly in America, when, if the pearl-fishing party at Long Island is riotous farce, the drawing of New York as "the relentless city" is grimly faithful to life. There is a story, and a very excellent story too, running through the book; there are epigrams, and topical allusions, and a knack of vivid description of contemporary things: Mr. Benson, in short, spreads a liberal feast before the novel-reader.

In "Leonora" Mr. Arnold Bennett has successfully attempted a feat that is possible only to a very clever writer. He has taken for his heroine a woman, handsome, no doubt, but forty—a wife, not a widow, with daughters blossoming into womanhood, one of whom, indeed, has a love-story that plays second theme to the mother's own. And he not only conjures our attention for the relations between this Mrs. John Stanway and Arthur Twemlow, but does it without sacrificing unduly our respect for the wife of twenty years when her affections are transferred from her husband to another man. Leonora has weak qualities, which we are not allowed to miss; nevertheless she wins and keeps our sympathy, and in many respects our admiration. The grown-up daughters make precisely the element at which the reader (reflecting public opinion in an actual instance) may carp in the situation into which Leonora Stanway brings herself; and the author's cleverness is shown by his making his heroine's daughters the insurmountable obstacle in the way to her happiness with her lover, and an obstacle which remains long after her husband has died and Arthur is able to offer her marriage. The scene is laid in the Five Towns, already familiar to readers of Mr. Bennett's work, and the setting, skilfully contrasted with the generous opulence of London, is admirably done. The author misses the right word sometimes: "the pleasant twang of cigar-smoke greeted her nostrils" is a random case in point. But he seems to us astonishingly right, as a rule, in what may be called the accessories of fact to the emotional stress and conflict in his characters.

The correspondence of Mr. Algernon Wentworth-Woodhouse challenges comparison with "The Etchingham Letters," and suffers by the challenge. In the pages of a weekly newspaper the series was very readable, and we should hesitate to say that it did not merit republication. But focussed within the covers of a book it is disappointing. The caricature is too violent, the thread of story too slight. Mr. Woodhouse himself, indeed, is a person to be thankful for, and under more restrained treatment would possibly take a permanent place among the characters of fiction. But the makers of this ingenious puppet have a way of pulling the strings too hard. Cultured selfishness is the hall-mark of the character. Mr. Woodhouse, a rich widower, is pestered in various ways by a circle of relatives and friends (most of them disagreeable) with whom he cannot decline correspondence, but for whom he will do nothing that can give himself trouble. It requires consummate art to make a radically egoistic person tell his own story effectively; and Mr. Woodhouse's letters, to use a colloquialism, give him away. Many a man might take the sunny rooms in the house for himself, leaving his wife the northern side; but no one, after the consequent death of his wife from bronchitis, would (like Mr. Woodhouse) dwell upon the fact in his letters with imperturbable complacency. The imaginary writer of the letters is, in fact, shameless; and that is just what selfish people in real life very seldom are. They possess or assume unconsciousness as regards others' interests; they do not state the case for others and then ostentatiously reject it. But there is some really good satire and much malevolent humour in the book, and some of the slight touches are delightful. A hysterical young woman who imagines that she can write is somewhat ruthlessly dissected; but a poet (mentioned casually) who leaps to fame by his verses beginning, "Oh, woodhouse, tell me something new!" is a joy to the appreciative; and several of the minor characters are equally amusing.

The writer of "The Great Reconciler," who prefers to be known as the author of "Miss Molly," carries

anonymity to an unaccustomed pitch, extending its sheltering veil to the often curious sentences which serve as keynotes to each chapter. It may be that in this course there lies a hidden wisdom, although such elusive utterances as that which heads Chapter III.—"For everything you have missed you have gained something else"—seems to require something in the way of substantiation. Indeed, the chief failure of the book is its irritating intangibility and rather pointless cleverness. The clever woman of the story, who shares the honours with the heroine, devotes herself chiefly to the elucidation of the hero's character; but in spite of this delicate attention, the reader remains in the dark! The heroine is more human, and enlists some sympathy, although, in direct contradiction to the axiom already quoted, she seems to lose everything and gain nothing. But despite these shortcomings, the book is by no means uninteresting: it is rather a case of "The little more, and how much it is! The little less, and what worlds away!" One feels the possibilities only to deplore the lack of the master-stroke which, out of endeavour, resolves achievement.

"Treasure and Heart" is a pleasant, comfortable story, of a type that is rarer to-day than it was twelve years ago. The writer—Mary Deane—does not strain after cleverness or tamper with morals; her plot is sufficiently good, if a trifle obvious, and her manner of writing careful and intelligent. The haphazard, kind-hearted Marchesa, who provides her friends with "husbands, wives, tutors, governesses, housekeepers, milliners, and every other description of domestic convenience," is decidedly the most attractive character in the story, and next in order of merit comes M. Tréfée, virtuoso and villain combined, whose want of conscience where objects of art are concerned provides a little excitement. Indeed, without these two elderly and, on the whole, excellent people, and the young Marchese, who is wild and foolish, the story would be almost insipid, the young people concerned being provided with varying but virtuous dispositions and a fine stock of ideals. As it stands, the book is pleasant, chatty, thoroughly wholesome, and may be put into the hands of any girl—a contrast to the "not quite nice" French books which the Marchesa invariably read and deprecated: "So sad, with their great, great talent!" In a future book the writer will probably do better work; she should cultivate her obviously keen sense of humour, and nip the tendency to prolixity in the bud. The early part of "Treasure and Heart" is distinctly the most interesting: the close leaves the reader with the impression that the writer had grown weary of her task.

Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Crane, to name but two of a multitude, have proved time after time how admirably technical knowledge may be combined with descriptive ability in fiction writing, and it is therefore additionally disappointing to find an expert, and, moreover, an expert dealing with a period of our national history fruitful of stern romance, penning a novel as dull as "The Peril of the Sword." Colonel Harcourt has knowledge in abundance, but little sense of the picturesque or the powerful, and it follows, of necessity, that his narrative is uniformly colourless. At one point, indeed, he falls into a style of description that is suggestive of nothing more romantic than the books of Euclid. The comparison is an obvious one. Below a neatly lettered diagram of the Beebeeghur at Cawnpore appears this remarkable passage: "Entering at door A, and passing on to the centre yard z, what an awful sight met their eyes! The floor of the yard, the verandah G G, and some of the rooms F F, were literally covered with blood, as were the walls . . . women's dresses, hats, bibles, marriage certificates, etc., lying scattered about the place. Proceeding through the door B into the garden Y, they found on the left, at C," and so on. Thus does the author, when the practical triumphs over the romantic in him, disdain the legitimate working up of effects that is the very life of the historical novel. Imagine Dumas in collaboration with the creator of the *pons asinorum*! Colonel Harcourt's intimate knowledge of his subject and his scrupulous desire for precision have killed his novel as a novel: "The Peril of the Sword" is a remarkable example of actuality without art. The novelist, in this case at least, has not succeeded in vanquishing the soldier, despite the proverbial position of their weapons.

The authorship of "Scintillæ Juris" has long been as open a secret as the reason for the elevation to the Bench of its author. Now the booklet is republished with "Meditations in the Tea-Room," also originally presented anonymously, and the name of Mr. Justice Darling appears officially. His carefully polished facetious essays on "Laws," "Judges," "Courts," "Prisoners," are not unamusing, particularly when applied by members of the legal profession to the author. The "Meditations" consist of elaborate, wilfully formless paradoxes and epigrams on politics and party government, and occasionally the author has a neat phrase, as, for instance, concerning Gladstone. "That he had misunderstood the wishes of the nation everyone knows, and he fell from power to postcards as a consequence of his mistake." This may not be very witty, and is a trifle mechanical, but has some point. Those who are acquainted with the "Scintillæ" and like them should try the "Meditations." The rest of the world will probably form as favourable an opinion of Mr. Justice Darling as essayist as it does of him in his capacity of Judge. To the student the work is very interesting as a display of the character of one in a high place. It is only fair to add that the work shows an amount of reading and reflection not often found in those successful in such an engrossing profession as that of the law; while in the chapters on "Judges" it is rather rich in humorous imitations of the style of several notable Judges who, however, were not remarkable for the grace or style of their judgments. Moreover, if not exactly deep in thought nor exactly witty, the booklet at least exhibits an agreeable fastidiousness in the use of words and structure of sentences.

THE FIRST OF THE WAR-ARTISTS.

It was fortunate that William Simpson, the first of the war-artists, undertook the writing of his own life, for even the most sympathetic biographer must have missed something of that unique personality. Some men live apart from their work: they have an individuality of the workshop and another of leisure; but Simpson and his calling were one. In his later days, when he had earned retirement, he was still the alert, inquiring spirit of earlier times, and he lived, so to speak, among his trophies. His studio, which was also a study, was lined with huge portfolios containing the graphic records of his campaigns and travels, and with still bulkier folios recording his written observations of his comings and goings on the face of the earth. Here were his researches into Buddhist architecture, there his voluminous notes on the excavations at Mycenæ, made in company with Schliemann himself. A turn in the conversation would bring up the Crimea. In a moment the appropriate drawing would be before you; so with India, Abyssinia, and all the other scenes of his sojourning.

Simpson had well-nigh accomplished his life-work before it was the good fortune of the present writer to meet him. As it happened, the time was just after news had been received of General Baldissera's disaster in Abyssinia, and the old war-artist, who had accompanied Napier to Magdala nearly thirty years before, had a great deal to say upon recent events in the empire of Menelik. The inevitable portfolios of drawings and the piles of wonderfully neat notes were again ransacked; and, turning from the new campaigns to the old, Simpson fought his battles over again and conducted his hearer to the gates of the rock-built fortress which the British forces reached only to discover that Theodore had eluded their grasp by suicide. No mere superficial recorder of combats and leagues, but the trained observer of races and customs, Simpson found in his visit to Abyssinia—as, indeed, in all his travels—much to study in the habits and religion of the people, and this knowledge he systematised and commented upon with the shrewd insight of a mind that was always attracted towards the bizarre and the mystical.

Within the covers of "The Autobiography of William Simpson, R.I.," edited by Mr. George Eyre-Todd (Fisher Unwin), is to be found a minute and curious revelation of a man who, starting with few or no advantages, achieved by sheer talent and industry a distinguished position among illustrators. He was admirable as an artist, but his natural bent and method were to such an extent those of the journalist that it is as a recorder of contemporary events rather than as an original painter that he claims recognition. Born in Glasgow in 1823, the son of a mechanic, William Simpson first thought of engineering as a calling, but circumstances placed him at fourteen in a lithographer's office, and this led him to the serious pursuit of art. So limited were his means at this time that he actually went without dinner in order to buy his first colour-box. Until he was twenty-seven he worked in Glasgow, studying technique at evening classes and devouring every kind of literature at odd hours. Then he came to London and entered the service of Day and Sons, the lithographers. At that time illustrated journalism had not passed its first decade, and there was a large sale for detached lithographic prints of contemporary events. The outbreak of the Crimean War brought a new demand for war-pictures, and Simpson produced from descriptions a picture of the Alma, which had a wonderful success. He then set about a drawing of Sebastopol, but was greatly hampered for lack of material, and often heartily wished he were at the seat of war. His desire was soon gratified, for he received a commission from Messrs. Colnaghi to proceed to the Crimea and produce a portfolio of the war. His account of his engagement is characteristically humorous, for the commissioning firm's representative found him at Mr. Day's office, prostrate on the floor, after an agonising visit to the dentist—

He put his glass up to his eye and looked at me suspiciously. I got up, and he asked if I would go to the Crimea. Mackay has since confessed that his first impression . . . was that I had been out all night, and that the effects of that kind of performance had not quite left me.

In the Crimea he won fame and influential friends. On his return he was received by Queen Victoria, who displayed the most minute information regarding the siege of Sebastopol and the details of the war. Her Majesty was acquainted also with the part that the artist himself had played in the campaign.

Simpson's next great work was a pictorial description of India after the Mutiny, and later, in the interests of this Journal—which he first represented at St. Petersburg in 1866 at the marriage of Alexander III.—he accompanied the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) on his Indian tour. He had, however, already seen more strenuous happenings for *The Illustrated London News*. His earliest war-service for the paper was in Abyssinia, and a few years later he followed the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the French army in the war with Germany. At one point he was arrested as a spy. His picture of Sedan, drawn on a piece of wallpaper found in the Château of Donchery, is almost Turner-esque in its fine aerial perspective, though the pattern of the paper, visible in certain lights, slightly mars the otherwise good reproduction which appears in the volume under consideration.

Simpson's raciest reading, however, is his tale of the Commune. In company with Sir William Ingram, he saw many of the most exciting events of the French Siege of Paris. His narrative, fascinating in any case, becomes infinitely more engrossing when it is read with the contemporary volume of *The Illustrated London News* open before us. Scarcely a line of the printed page is not reflected in the drawings which the artist sent to this paper during that memorable time.

"C. O. D.," THE PROPOSED NEW POSTAL SYSTEM: "CASH ON DELIVERY."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

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SOME PROBABLE CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW SCHEME.

The Post Office, it has been suggested, should deliver goods for business firms. The cash, to be paid on delivery, would be collected by the Post Office, which would charge the consigning firms a commission. The system is already in vogue on the Continent.

RALPH CLEAVER

THE WAR-CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST: PICTURESQUE JAPAN MENACED BY THE RUSSIAN POWER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. OKAMOTO.



1. AND 5. FORERUNNERS OF THE MODERN JAPANESE FIGHTING POWER: THE INVINCIBLE TWO-SWORDED KNIGHTS OF JAPAN, REPRESENTED BY GEISHAS IN COSTUME.

2. AND 4. A FAMOUS PLEASURE-RESORT NEAR TOKIO: THE IRIS GARDEN, OR HORIKELI. 3. JAPANESE DAUGHTERS OF MUSIC: AN INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMANCE BY GEISHAS.

6. TEMPLE WORSHIP: JAPANESE PRIESTS ON THEIR WAY TO MAKE THEIR DAILY OFFERING. (NOTE THE LANTERNS PRESENTED BY THE NOW EXTINCT CLAN CHIEFS.)

7. THE FAMOUS EXTINCT VOLCANO OF JAPAN: FUJI YAMA, 12,370 FT. HIGH. (PLEASURE-BOATS IN THE FOREGROUND.)

8. A CONTRAST TO YODOYUCHI: THE ARSENAL GARDEN AT TOKIO. (CLOSE AT HAND ARE THE WORKSHOPS WHERE THE LATEST PATTERNS OF GUNS AND RIFLES ARE MANUFACTURED.)

9. AN EVERY-DAY SIGHT IN JAPAN: BEGGING BUDDHIST PRIEST IN STRAW SANDALS. (NOTE THE LITTLE GONG WHICH HE BEATS AS HE GOES FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, PRAYING FOR THOSE WHO GIVE HIM ALMS.)

10. FLOWER-LOVING JAPAN: THE PLANT-DEALER ON HIS ROUNDS WITH THE HIGHLY CULTIVATED CONVOLVULUS OF THE COUNTRY.

11. AN EVERY-DAY SCENE IN A TEMPLE PRECINCT.

12. BEETLES, FIREFLIES, AND CRICKETS AS PETS: GIRLS BUYING INSECTS IN BAMBOO CAGES.

13. JAPANESE GIRL IN SUMMER DRESS WITH PET INSECT IN CAGE.

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LADIES' PAGES.

An interesting illustration was given of the way in which ladies take up all branches of dog-fancying, and how inaccurate it is to continue to describe the tiny terriers and pugs as "ladies' pets," in the judging at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace. Her Majesty the Queen is not only devoted to dogs, but is very "knowledgable" about them, and always has pets that are worthy of the position that they occupy from the "true strain" point of view. Her beautiful and stately basset-hound, Sandringham Lockey, was awarded the championship of his class; then the Duchess of Newcastle took the champion's honours in Borzois, and the championships for both dog and "lady" in bloodhounds went to lady owners, Mrs. Oliphant's Blazer, and Mrs. Proctor's Duchess of Dunsborough; while Lady Alexander owned the winners of the smooth collies. Still, of course, little darlings, like Jap and King Charles spaniels, pugs, toy Yorkies, and black-and-tans, and all that tiny sort of drawing-room pet dogs that can accompany their mistresses everywhere, will usually be the chosen of ordinary womankind.

Exceptional interest attaches to the show of the Irish Industries Association, which is to be held at Windsor, in the White Hart Hotel, on Nov. 10 and following day, as the Queen has graciously promised to attend on the first day and to bring the Queen of Italy. A long list of peeresses who will hold stalls is given, and it includes many of the most charming ladies in Society, such as Lady Dudley, Lady Kilmorey, Lady Castlereagh, Lady Carew, and Lady Helen Stavordale.

While the visit to America of the Honourable Artillery Company has been most noticed over here, another visitor to the States has aroused more enthusiasm among the women there who are devoted to sport. The Irish lady-champion at golf, Miss Rhona Adair, has been playing the lady-champion of America at Philadelphia, and the representative of the Old Country won easily. So there is something to balance against the yachting Cup! Golf is one of the games that, requiring skill rather than much strength, can be played on fairly equal terms by men and women with one another. A new clubhouse opened by the Ladies' Barnhurst Golf Club is noteworthy, as it has had the very best room given over to be a smoking-room for men-players. The dining and drawing-rooms are open to men and women, and so are the links; thus this ladies' club sets a good example of generosity.

At the last examination for bursaries (Scotch for scholarships) at Aberdeen University, a young lady



A WALKING GOWN, IN THE NEW CLOTH.

came out at the head of the list; and this is the second time that a girl has won this high place. Still, the acquirements of a Scottish girl are not so wonderful as the record which reaches me from the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, of the successes of two of its native students. One of these Indian girls stood second, above more than one thousand lads, and the other sixth, on the list of the results of the Government examinations for the province. No wonder that "when the news came the girls ran up to the clock-tower and set the bell a-ringing."

A "National Convention" was called by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies at Holborn Town Hall last week. Mrs. McLaren presided, and there were delegates from all parts of the country, among them Miss Stevenson, the chairman of the great Edinburgh School Board, and the Lady Mayoress of York, representing the association in their several towns. Mrs. Mellquham, a Poor-law Guardian, read a paper showing that during the last fifteen years no fewer than ten new disabilities in citizenship have been inflicted upon women, beginning with the decision that women landowners cannot vote for Parish Councils (owing to the register for owners of land being made the same as the Parliamentary register), and ending with the removal of the right to be elected on educational authorities last year. Mr. Walter McLaren said that the representative rights that women had enjoyed for a generation past, and that have lately been removed, reminded him of the snakes that are said to have been recently set loose in Ireland to test if St. Patrick's ban still holds good: successive Governments have turned loose a few citizens' rights among women to see what would happen, and as they are not protected by "the right preservative of other rights," the vote, they are being gradually killed off. The Act of Parliament which says that the masculine gender shall include the feminine is held to apply only when it is a question of penalties or duties—a woman may be hung or taxed under the masculine pronoun; but when it is a question of rights and privileges the rule is held to fail, and he instanced the exclusion of women from County Councils, and the refusal of permission to a Scotch lady to become a solicitor. Mrs. Fenwick-Miller advised women who cared about news of such subjects to let editors know that they were interested in articles of that kind. All the speakers agreed that some more vigorous movement ought to be put forth now, and many held that it should come from the working women. An account was given by Miss Roper, B.A., of the organisation of the women in the textile trades who are being taxed by their union to pay labour M.P.'s, but have no voice in choosing the members, and are discontented

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with that position, as they form two-thirds of the union. The delegates themselves subscribed in the room over two thousand pounds to start a new organising fund for the next election.

There is something extremely interesting in a report just issued officially on the working of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses. This fund was started, under the patronage of Princess Christian, chiefly by munificent gifts by Mr. Morgan and his family, not to provide the nurses with pensions irrespective of their own savings, but to supplement their savings. All that it is possible for a woman to save for herself while earning, as nurses do, only a small annual wage, is not enough for a comfortable provision for old age. So those nurses who desire to have the benefit of the Royal Pension scheme take out a policy and put by a fixed sum upon it themselves; but at the appointed age for rest, or in case of breakdown, the sum they have individually saved will be supplemented from the fund. Accordingly, the ages and mortality of the nurses are recorded under the scheme; and the very interesting fact is now disclosed that they are as a body longer lived than the average of women. The actual number of deaths in five years among the holders of policies was twenty-one, while the Government calculation for annuity tables shows that the number to be expected to die among women of the same ages was no less than seventy! Those nurses who have arrived at an age to begin receiving their annuities show an equally good record; the "expected" deaths on the tables of averages was thirty-two, while the actual number was only twenty-three deaths. So these good women are really better and stronger in health than the female population as a whole.

One of our illustrations is a walking gown in herring-bone tweed of a dark grey mixture, with pale grey cloth edgings and pelerine collar, trimmed with lace; pastilles in black velvet are set on the plain cloth, and bows of the same finish the collar and cuffs. The other is a paletot of dark tan cloth finished with an elegant stole of sable trimmed with a handsome passementerie. Velvet hats and plumes finish both costumes.

There is an unusual quantity of white in the millinery of this year's autumn. Very pretty and dainty it is; indeed, there is no more generally becoming a tint for the head-adornment than the delicate cream that is usually chosen for chapeaux. But for an English and a London winter—oh, dear, what a prospect! It is just right for those fortunate folk who fly to the sunny shores of the South of France, or the still more delightful untraining and ever-sunny atmosphere of Egypt, to invest in white hats for November and December. It is all right also for the wealthy woman, who flings



A HANDSOME COAT, TRIMMED WITH SABLE

away a hat as soon as it looks the least worn. But one shudders to think of the middle-class damsels in a London omnibus on a foggy day in one of these white felt hats trimmed with lace and a white feather rosette set like a cockade at the side; or in one of these cream velvet toques adorned with a long feather shaded from cream to deep crimson through a gamut of tones of pink and red. I do not think that rich women should not wear what they can well afford because they will be imitated by those less blessed with this world's goods, but it were indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished that women who are not wealthy would acquire enough sense to make sumptuary laws unto themselves, and to eschew attire, however pretty in itself, that is not suited to their station and to the uses to which they must put their clothing and the time that it must last in their several cases.

For suitable occasions nothing can be more pretty than one of the newest white hats or toques—white felt, velvet, or fur for the shape, white feathers, velvet, lace, and chenille for the decoration thereof. Gold cord or lace (the latter of the heavy variety used for trimming curtains) or braid of bullion like that employed on military uniforms, will, any of them, trim a white fur hat effectively. Great heavy cords and loops and tassels that wave over the chignon are really handsome in their way. It is perhaps too heavy to be in excellent taste; millinery is the better for giving an impression of lightness always, but there is a tendency to heaviness this year. Ostrich-feathers are greatly used; two or three long and handsome plumes are not too many to place on a flat-crowned and broad-brimmed hat, their well-curved tips descending at the back, while their stems are visible towards the front, with no attempt at concealment, but often decorated with a steel or a gold sheath into which the quill end of the great feather is tucked. Wide-brimmed hats are not comfortable wear in wild winter weather. But there is no compulsion, if you have good sense enough to recognise that fact: there abound toques and hats of a closer-fitting mood. A long oval, coming to a point in front far over the brow, is a distinctive shape this season, and is more becoming than the somewhat similar but shorter boat-shape that is always with us. These ovoid (for it is more egg-like than a true oval) shapes are often seen in plaited chenille, and this is not heavy, although sufficiently substantial—necessary qualities, since the front of the brim is worn projecting so much over the face. Yak lace embroidered with Berlin wool is a late introduction for trimming chenille hats; it sounds odd, no doubt, but it looks rather nice—the long stitches in soft wool, taken in at suitable parts of the design of the silky coarse lace, are effective. Felt, panne, and velvet make many shapes, as usual, at this season; and cloth and velvet stitched in alternate rounds is another popular mixture. A velvet hat with the brim lined with plaited chenille is a good idea, soft to the face and firm to the wind outside.

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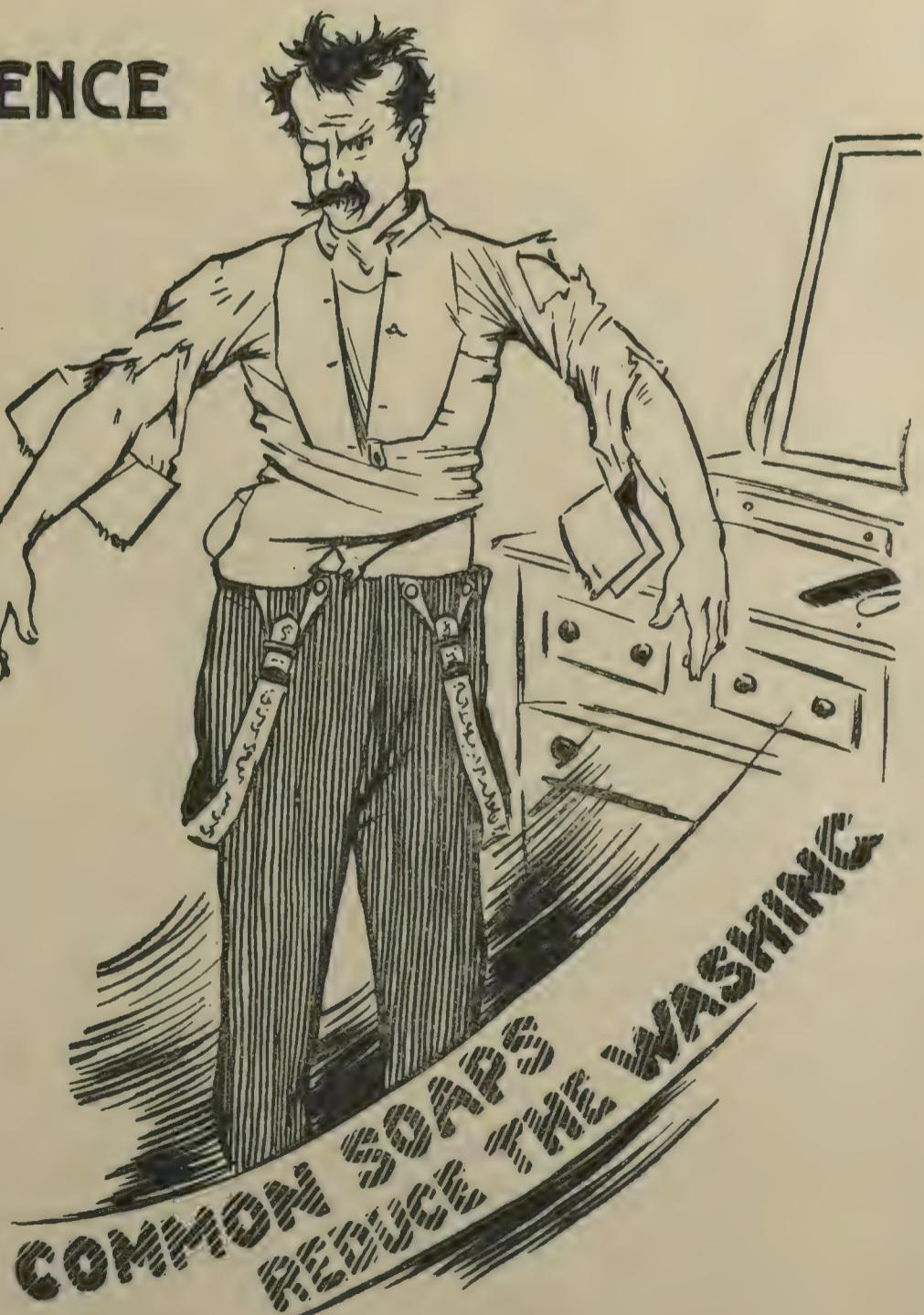
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Preparations have for some time been in progress at the Buckingham Palace end of the Mall for the

first portion of the scaffolding for the statue itself was set up in the mid-space opposite the Palace; and the pedestal will shortly be placed in position.

in an open competition. At the ceremony the Mayor, who officiated, traced the historical associations of Deptford, recalling its worthies, and how Peter the



DEPTFORD NEW TOWN HALL: THE PRIZE DESIGN.



erection of Mr. Aston Webb's great series of colonnades which is to form the off-set to Mr. Brock's memorial statue of the late Queen. On Oct. 17 the

On Oct. 14 Deptford laid the foundation-stone of a new Town Hall, designed by Messrs. Lanchester, Stewart, and Rickards, whose plans took the first prize

Great worked in its dockyards. Among its famous men were Howard of Effingham, Sir Thomas Browne, and that Geoffrey who bore Cœur de Lion's ransom.

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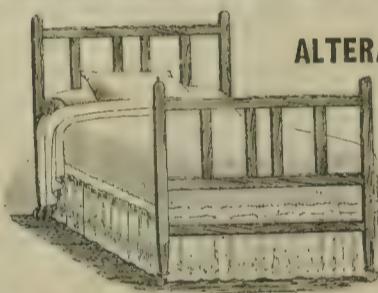
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ART NOTES.

Two portraits, by artists whose work is eagerly watched, are now upon the easels. Signor Boldini is painting Mrs. Charles Hunter, whose portraits by Mr. Sargent and Signor Mancini will be remembered; and Mr. William Orpen has as a sitter Mr. George Moore.

The Society of Oil Painters holds a twenty-first annual exhibition in the galleries of the Institute, Piccadilly, and the show has the effect of making the visitor kinder in his thoughts of the Academy. When we complain, as we all do annually, of the quality of the work exhibited at Burlington House, it can only be under an impression that something better might have been collected by more discerning judges—that something decidedly better has been rejected or neglected. But a glance at such an exhibition as the present makes us doubt. It is worse than a Royal Academy; the average much lower, and the good pictures fewer and not so good. As to the *personnel*, the list of "honorary members" is a brilliant one, but the greater number are Academicians, and do not exhibit! As to the members and outsiders of this society, their work is generally undistinguished; there

should not be a fashion in painting, but there is, and this is out of the fashion. The "anecdote," against which art has so long been warned, abounds; the catalogue aims at various kinds of wit and humour; and the colours are for the most part hard and extreme; detail is insisted upon, and although the representation of sunshine is the most successful of the attempts at thorough-going realism, there is a prevalent coldness and violence.

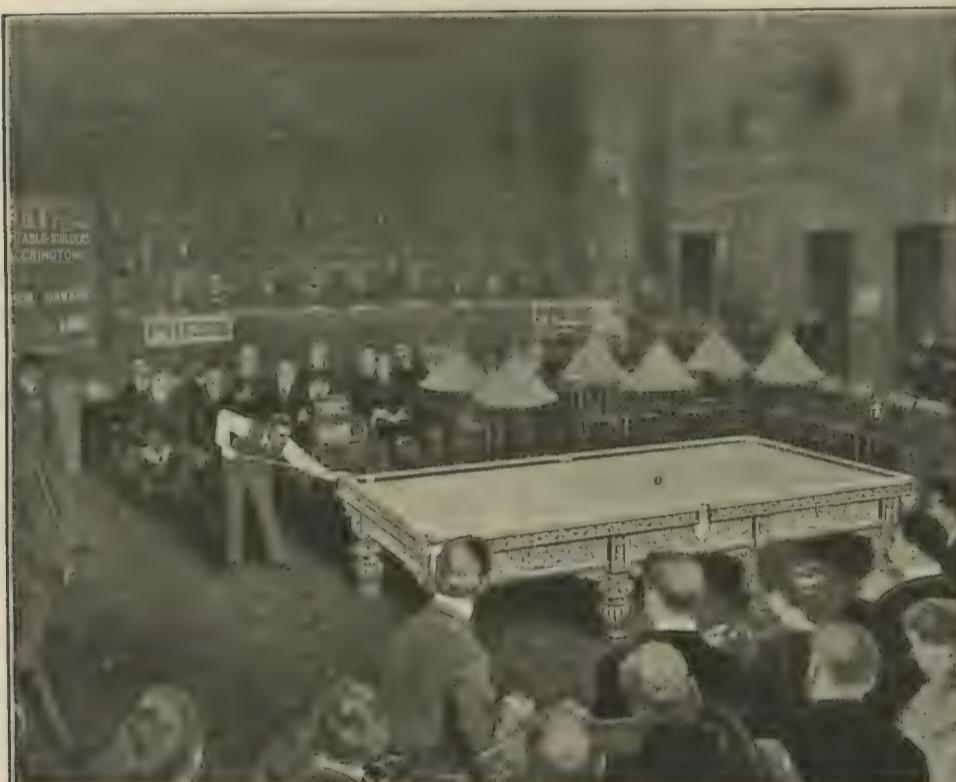
The exceptional good work gets even undue honour here; for it is not the best that the artists who contribute it can do. But we are thankful for anything by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Jacomb Hood, Mr. Lavery, M. Garrido, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Miss Hilda Montalba, Miss Fortescue Brickdale, and the Vice-President, Mr. Melton Fisher. Mr. Bright Morris pleases us with his appreciation of the charm of Spanish gardens, and his clear and tender painting. M. Gabriel Nicolet has some well painted "Sweet Peas," Mr. Moffat Lindner a not very interesting example of the opposite kind of work—large subject broadly painted, with flat effects. Mr. Tom Browne shows a sense of decorative tone, colour, and arrangement

in his "Spanish Shepherd," and Mr. H. M. Lives has brilliant touches in his somewhat black interior, "Czerny's Exercises."

Mr. William Strang has drawn a series of nearly one hundred and fifty portraits in the Holbein manner. As each portrait has been a commission, and has "gone home," there is no prospect of gathering the series together for an exhibition—the sales at a minor exhibition being the chief means relied upon by the owner of a gallery to recoup him for his costs. Mr. Strang has prepared a lecture on Holbein, which will be delivered in various centres in this country, and will probably be taken to the United States.

A number of paintings and drawings by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., have been devised by his brother, Mr. George Gilbert, to the Corporation of London. If the Corporation, which is already rich in Gilberts, decides to be unselfish, the collection will go to the Tate Gallery.

The Modern Sketch Club, with thirty new members, is holding its second annual exhibition at the Modern Gallery in Bond Street. The new men very much resemble the old; so that we are conscious of a rather



Snapshot of Championship Match, 1903, Dawson v. Stevenson, played at National Sporting Club, London, on Table by E. J. RILEY, Limited, Accrington.
Dawson at Play.

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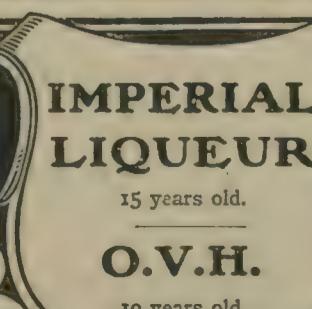
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depressing uniformity. The same is felt by the visitor to the works of the Black Frame Club at the Stafford Gallery; and he knows that it is not due merely to the heavy monotony of the frames.

The colossal equestrian statue on which Mr. Watts, R.A., has off and on been at work for a couple of decades of years, will soon emerge from the foundry. It shows a bare-backed steed, and on its summit—one can use no humbler word—a youth who sits erect and shades with one hand the eyes that strain into the distance. It seems, in sentiment, almost like a modern version of Moses and the Promised Land. Most statues have been designed for a certain site and a defined circumstance. But in this case Mr. Watts was beforehand with history, which, when the work was well on its way to completion, afforded the place and personality most appropriate for the association—the Matoppo Hills and the grave of Mr. Rhodes. The title given to the sculpture by Mr. Watts is "Physical Energy"; and possibly he thought a more poetical name, or one which gave a suggestion of intellect or of soul, too out of place beside such a predominance of bodily strength.

But, so far as intellect and athletics are concerned, the Greeks had not this view when they gave to Hercules a furrowed brow.

Mr. Edward Hughes has completed a second full-length portrait of her Majesty the Queen—as gorgeous an affair as full-dress robes of State could make it.

The British Museum has added to its catalogue of Greek coins a volume devoted to the coins of Parthia. Mr. Warwick Wroth, of the Department of Coins and Medals, contributes an historical introduction, and the book is embellished with about forty plates. W. M.

The Grey Friars Amateur Dramatic Society will give four evening performances and a matinée of the three-act farcical comedy, "His Excellency the Governor," by Captain Robert Marshall, preceded by the one-act play, "A Repentance," by John Oliver Hobbes, in aid of H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein's Crèche at Windsor, on the evenings of Nov. 11, 12, 13, and 14, at 8.15 o'clock, and a matinée on the 10th at 2.30.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1901) of Mary Arabella Arthur, Countess of Galloway, of 17, Upper Grosvenor Street, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Oct. 15 by Lieutenant Arthur William James Cecil, Grenadier Guards, and Captain Reginald Edward Cecil, 21st Lancers, the nephews, the value of the estate being £89,556. The testatrix gives £500 each to Hilda Eugenia Stewart and Sheelah Maud Emily Chichester. Subject thereto, she leaves all her property to her said two nephews.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1901), with a codicil (dated May 28 following), of Captain Thomas Slingsby, late Royal Horse Guards, J.P., D.L., of 24, Portland Place, W., and formerly of Scriven Park, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 6, was proved on Oct. 14 by Lord Marcus Talbot Delapoer Beresford and William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, the nephews, the value of the estate amounting to £81,183. The testator gives £1000 to the Middlesex Hospital; £10,300 each to his nephews Lord Marcus Beresford and W. G. F. Cavendish

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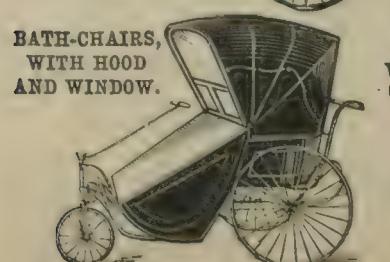
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The will (dated Sept. 5, 1902) of Mr. Jacob Arnhold, of 3, East India Avenue, E.C., and 27, Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead, who died on July 3, was proved on Oct. 12 by Philipp Arnhold, the brother, and Sir Ewen Cameron, the executors, the value of the estate being £82,994. The testator bequeaths £1000 and the domestic effects to his wife, Mrs. Anna Arnhold, and leaves the residue of his property, in trust, for her for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children or remoter issue.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1903) of Mr. George Frederick Canti, of 7, The Drive, Hove, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Oct. 13 by Mrs. Ellen Canti, the widow, James

Minter Flegg, and John Stollery, the executors, the value of the estate being £76,552. The testator gives £500 per annum and the use of his residence with the effects therein to his wife; £600 and an annuity of £250 to his sister Maria; an annuity of £250 to his sister Mary Harriet; £500, and a further £1500 on the decease of Mrs. Canti, to Mrs. Hester Flegg; £500 to James Minter Flegg; £100 to Susannah Burnett; £100 to Miss Moulton; £150 to his servant, Charles Kendall; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon various trusts, for his son, Ronald George Canti.

The will (dated May 9, 1899) of Mr. Henry Worton Elliott, of Elmfield, Selby Oak, Worcester, who died on March 31, has been proved by Henry John Elliott, the son, and Gerard Bartleet Elkington, the executors, the value of the property amounting to £69,783. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the General Hospital, the General Dispensary, the Queen's Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children, and Middlemore's Children's

Emigration Homes, of Birmingham; £300 to, and £1000, in trust, for, each of his daughters Elizabeth Helen Payne, Alice Maud Payne, and Margaret Isabel Walters; £100 to his niece Mary Spofforth; £300 to his nephew, William Edward Elliott; £1000 to his grandson Henry Ernest Elliott; £250 to his grandson Charles H. Walters; annuities of £25 each to his sisters Angelina and Emily; an annuity of £50 to his brother William, and £200 each to his unmarried daughters; and legacies to his servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1893), with two codicils (dated May 9, 1901, and Jan. 3, 1902), of Mr. Charles Edwin Hammond, of Mill Land, Clayton, Sussex, was proved on Oct. 1 by Edwin Lincoln Hammond and William Robert Hammond, the sons, and James Johnson, the executors, the value of the estate being £34,195. Subject to legacies to executors, the testator leaves all his property in equal shares to his children and the issue of any deceased child.



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The late Earl of Beaconsfield,

Sir Morell Mackenzie,

Oliver Wendell Holmes,

Miss Emily Faithful,

The

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

All parties in Manchester Church life have welcomed the new Bishop. High Churchmen have accepted Bishop Gore's enthusiastic tribute to the services which Dr. Knox has rendered in Birmingham. It is generally agreed that the work awaiting him is very heavy, but fortunately he has carried out in practice the injunction of Cyril Jackson to his pupils: "Work like a tiger, or like a dragon, if dragons work harder than tigers."

The harvest festival services at Whitechapel Parish Church lasted three days, and were very successful. The new Rector, the Rev. A. J. Poynder, has long been noted for his excellent management of such services, which are more popular than any others with the very poor. Bishop Taylor Smith and Prebendary Eardley Wilmot were the special preachers, and many beautiful gifts were brought to the church. New-laid eggs and bread, as well as fruit and vegetables, were asked for, and these were distributed in the homes of the poorest of the 23,000 parishioners on the day after the festival.

The Bishop of Bristol wore his Doctor's robes while presiding at the meetings of the Church Congress. The

only predecessor who adopted this custom was the present Archbishop of York, who, when presiding over the Wolverhampton Congress as Bishop of Lichfield, appeared in academic dress. Dr. MacLagan used also to have his pastoral staff tied up against the side of the President's chair.

Canon Ainger read a delightful paper on sermons at the Church Congress. He does not at all agree with the suggestion that the clergy should read the masterpieces of the great preachers instead of inflicting on their congregations their own effusions. This advice, says Canon Ainger, displays an utter misconception of the real secret of a sermon's power and influence. The so-called masterpiece of a Liddon, Magee, or Frederick Robertson, read by an average preacher, instead of one of his own, would in almost every case fall utterly flat. The very persons who cried out for the innovation would be the first to cry out against its failure.

The Rev. H. P. Cronshaw, of Westbourne Park, referring at the Congress to the recent figures with regard to church attendance in London, pointed out the danger of the overbalancing of men by women in the public worship and active service of the Church.

He thought this might lead to the establishment of a feminine type of religion. The Bishop of Worcester, touching on the proposal to exclude women from the Church suffrage, said the worst way in the world for men to maintain their position would be by doing a great act of injustice to those who had shown more faith and zeal than themselves.

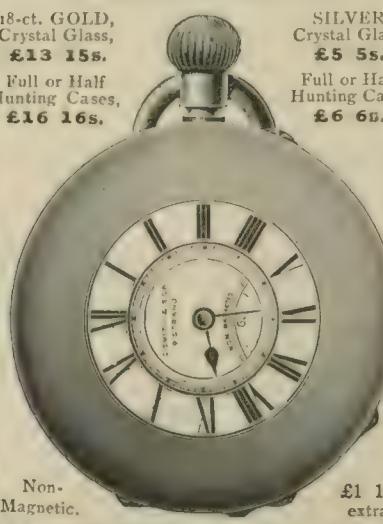
The large new Wesleyan Hall at Deptford was opened free of debt last week. The total cost has been over £27,000, and £5000 of this was raised on the opening day. No one has contributed more generously than Mr. James E. Vanner, who, besides giving over £1500 to the funds, has taken an active personal share in the arrangements connected with the mission.

Dr. John Hunter read an interesting paper at the Congregational Union meetings on the "Office of the Ministry." In his opinion, a minister is at his best at the age of sixty; "but the churches," he remarked, "do not take that view. They seem to prefer young men with an attractive personality, who can make everything spin and hum. In order that their work may be effectual, pastors should be men of age and experience."

V.

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Mixture**

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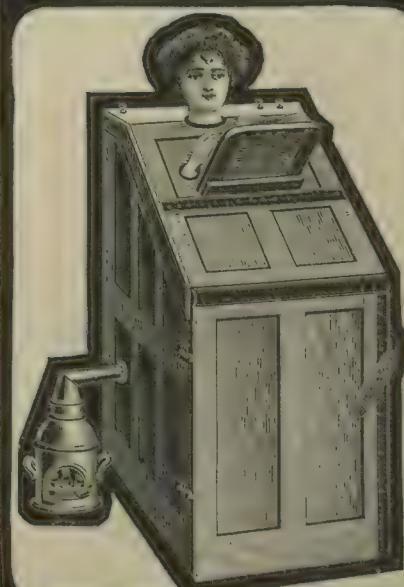
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It seems remarkable that many people who have defective hearing refuse to believe that they are deaf. Although such a defect may be slight, or only noticeable when the afflicted person has a cold in the head, and may not seem worthy of attention, yet such a condition will, of a certainty, become actual deafness if neglected. In fact, the Aurist finds it most difficult in many instances to determine when the ear ailment began, and consequently looks with great suspicion upon the slightest degree of defective hearing as placing the afflicted person within the "Borderland of Deafness." The Editor of *The Review of Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases*, in the last issue of this medical journal, goes into this subject thoroughly, and for the sake of those who may be interested will send, post free, on application, a specially written paper on "Tests of Hearing and the Prevention and Cure of Deafness." All applications should be addressed to The Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W. The Editor advises patients, however, when possible, to visit the Drouet Institute for a personal consultation with the medical staff. Consulting hours are, in the morning, 10 to 12, and in the afternoon, 2 to 4, weekdays only. A fee of five shillings is charged for personal consultations.

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Mix all the ingredients together but the meat and flour and let boil, draw back. Carefully lay in the slices of meat, which have been dipped in flour, and let simmer for five minutes to cook the flour. Serve hot and decorate with parsley.

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REAL HAMBURG GROUND.
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MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER AND CANVAS FOR HOLLOW-GROUND RAZORS.
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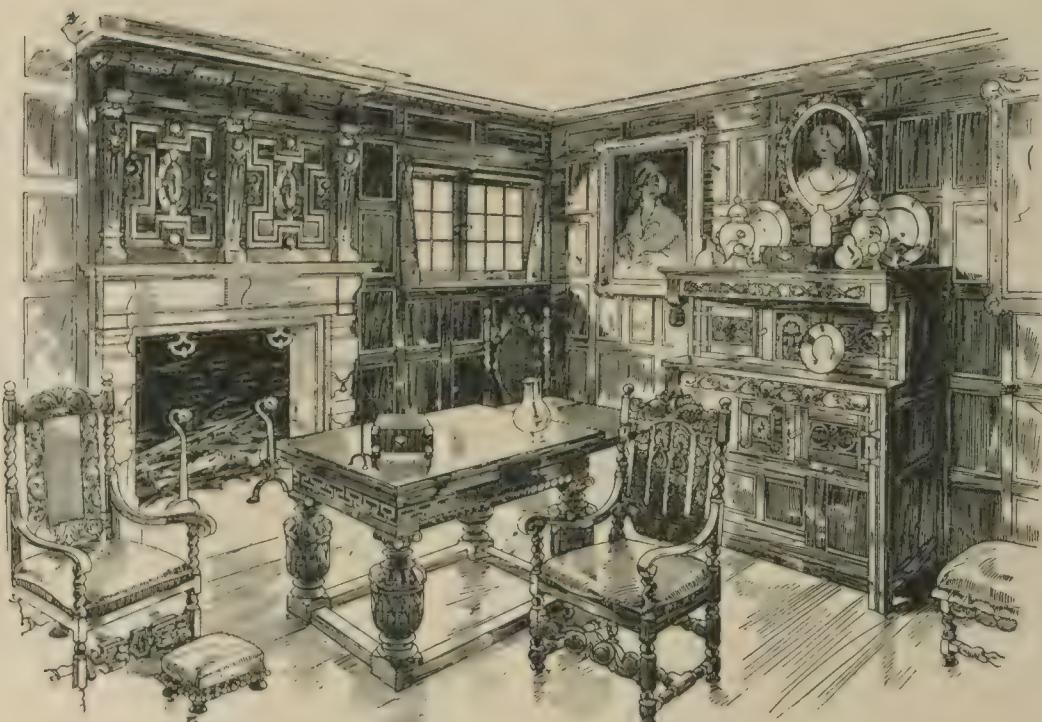
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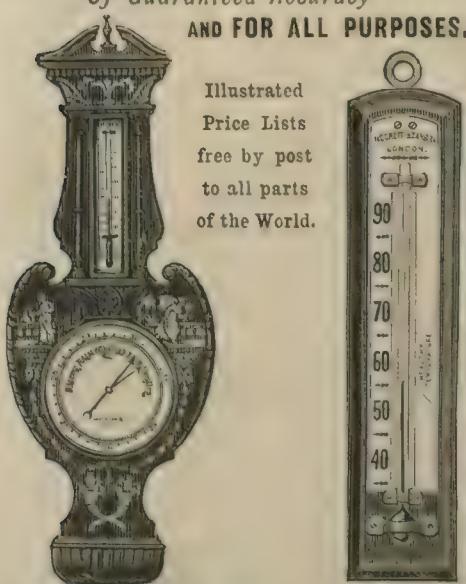
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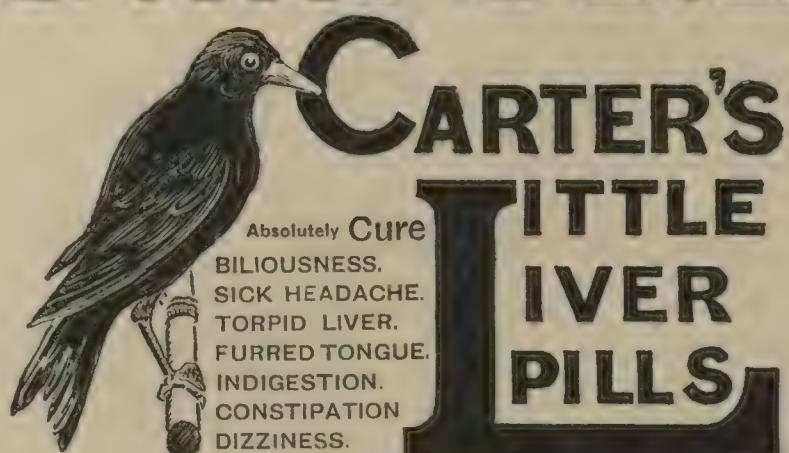
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Look for the Signature.

Small Pill.
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"When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'Tatcho' I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying 'Tatcho' I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend 'Tatcho.'

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SANITARY, ABSORBENT,
ANTISEPTIC and of
DOWNY SOFTNESS
Towels

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.—BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.
Absolutely Necessary for Health and Comfort.
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In Packets (containing one dozen), from 6d. to 2/- each. A Sample Packet, containing three size O, and one each size 1, 2, and 3 Towels, will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, BULL ST., BIRMINGHAM. Southalls' Sanitary Sheets (for Accouchement), in three sizes, 1/2, 2/1, and 3/6 each. From all Drapers, Ladies' Outhitters, and Chemists.

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The principal object of this Corset is to cut the Back in such a manner that it sets well below the shoulder-blades; whereas with Corsets of ordinary construction they are cut approximately straight along the top at the back, and rest upon the shoulder-blades, producing a hard straight line across the back, the prominent part of the back of the Corset.

This Corset consists essentially in slightly raising in an upward direction a portion of the back upon each side, which renders them most comfortable, so does away with the ridge or mark at the back, which is so extremely uncomfortable.

Dove or Black, Superior Black, 3/11 6 11.

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Scotch Whisky,
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4/- per dozen Bottles,
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Export, 2 1/- per case f.o.b.
Sample 6d. Post Free.

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Established 1800. Write for Price List.

ALONE IN UNKNOWN AFRICA



BEING MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S STORY OF HIS OBSERVATIONS OF NEW TRIBES AND THE CAVE-DWELLERS,
HIS DISCOVERY OF THE ELEPHANT CEMETERY, AND HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE DODINGAS.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS, AND DRAWINGS FROM SKETCHES BY THE EXPLORER.

AFTER eight months' rest in England, following my Abyssinian expedition, I determined to explore some of the Equatorial provinces of "Unknown Africa," and accordingly I left Dover on Jan. 23, 1902, together with Mr. F. C. Cobb, who was to be my companion for the early part of the journey. On Feb. 10 we arrived at Mombasa, and twelve days later, with a caravan of seventy-seven Swahilis, descendants of the slaves brought down to the coast by the old-time slave-traders, I finally got away. Of these Swahilis, twenty were armed. Crossing the Athi River, we came into a good country for rhinoceros and lion, several of which we bagged, with many varieties of antelope. After a halt at Fort Hall, to reorganise the caravan, we left that point on March 22. We made a two or three days' journey into the heart of one of the most fertile districts of Kikuyu, where we spent some days trading beads and cotton cloth for flour. The local chiefs, though said to be treacherous, proved quite friendly, and our camp was thronged from morning to evening, crowds of men and women bringing in their flour to sell, or merely coming through idle curiosity to see the white men. There were innumerable dances, the performers being men daubed over in curious patterns with white clay. Their heads are decorated with fantastic coverings of ostrich-feathers; they carry a quaint-patterned shield fastened to the left fore-arm, and bear staves covered with long white monkey-hair.

We paid an early morning visit to one of the villages. When we entered the village the people were busy shelling peas. In one hut I noticed no sign of life. The doorway was barricaded with boughs, and there was an

absence of all cooking-pots. I asked the headman whether the hut had been deserted owing to disease; and he replied that the woman who had lived there had died, and the hut would not be used again. When we left the village we found a neighbouring chief with a large group of followers, who had come in from some little distance to bring flour and honey as presents.

Having laid in sufficient supplies, we started with two Masai guides for Mount Kenia. The first part of the journey lay over a wooded, well-watered country. Making for the south-western side of the mountain, we came on to the rolling plains which border it on this side. Here there was almost a total absence of game. We tried to get into touch with the Wanderobo, the forest-dwelling hunters of Mount Kenia, but they were too suspicious. We had, therefore, to rely entirely upon ourselves in trying to find elephants. Although we discovered endless tracks, they were all a few days old, and our Swahili gun-bearers expressed the opinion that the elephants had moved further up the mountain. Accordingly I started before daybreak one morning, and, marching by my compass, pushed up the slopes of the mountain till past midday, but without finding any fresh traces of them. We were hurrying back, for it was getting late, and I was afraid of being overtaken by night. An account of one of my narrowest escapes while elephant-shooting is given under the Illustration.

Another attempt at reaching elephants on the upper slopes of the mountain ended in our being benighted, and after vainly trying to discover a road out of the forest by torchlight, we had to give it up and spend the night, wet through and supperless, where



THE ONLY WAY IN: THE ENTRANCE TO A KIKUYU VILLAGE.

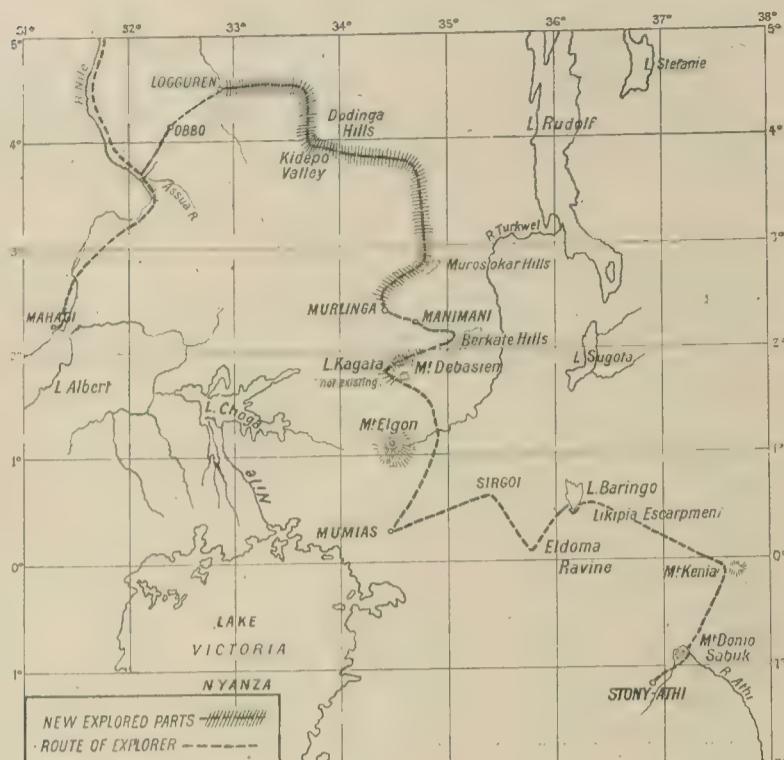
The Kikuyu villages are nearly always hidden by dense vegetation, and the passer-by would hardly suspect the existence of any habitation. A narrow path leads up to the only entrance in the stockade, through which one has to travel. Inside, smaller wattle fences mark off each family's compound, within which there are usually two or three huts, one for each wife. The wealth of the chief may be estimated by the number of huts, as each wife represents the payment of a number of cows.—MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S ACCOUNT.

we were, crouching over a smouldering fire of damp wood. The Swahilis proved utterly devoid of the bump of locality, and at one time insisted that the camp lay towards the upper slopes of the mountain, so that we had to depend entirely on our compass and our own ingenuity. Weird cries of the nocturnal beasts of the forest, the distant crash of a falling tree or of some great animal forcing its way through the undergrowth, broke the stillness and effectually prevented our sleeping, although most of the Swahilis were snoring loudly. At early dawn we made another start, and after some hours we clove our way through the almost impenetrable jungle with which the forest is fringed, and found ourselves miles to the south of camp. We soon met search-parties bringing us food and water. They told us that they had kept signal-fires alight all night, and had been most anxious for our safety. It was here that we were able to obtain some specimens of the "Guereza," the monkey that has such a beautiful coat of long, silky black-and-white hair; these inhabit the larger trees on the lower slopes of the mountain. We spent several more days in this camp, anxiously expecting the return of a large party of our men, whom I had sent to replenish our store

of food, before setting out to cross the uninhabited plains of Likipia, which separated us from Lake Baringo. We soon found, to our disgust, that our so-called guides had only the slightest acquaintance with the country, having raided over it in the days of their youth, so that at the conclusion of each day's march we had to send a scouting party forward to find a spot with water for the next camp. Game abounded in these plains, but we found no elephants.

As we approached the escarpment on the western side of Likipia, the country became much more wooded. Here I shot one of my finest lions, of which I give a photograph. A few days afterwards we reached the edge of the Baringo plain; a party of Suk warriors and Wanderobo met us, carrying green boughs as an emblem of friendship. They guided us to the Government Station on the edge of the lake, where the Collector, Mr. Hyde Baker, gave us a most hearty welcome. From here, as previously arranged, Mr. Cobb returned to the

[Narrative continued on Page 6.]



MAP OF MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S JOURNEY THROUGH
EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

coast. He took with him the trophies collected up to date and a great part of the caravan. On the shores of Lake Baringo I spent some two and a half months making little shooting expeditions from the



THE EXPLORER'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM AN ELEPHANT.

We heard elephants feeding in a thick bamboo clump. I took only one gun-bearer with me to work towards them, and I saw a group of three or four; but as they were all cows, we retraced our steps without disturbing them. A little further on we could hear another beast feeding, and thinking it might be a bull—for these often feed apart from the cows—we picked our way along an old elephant-path. The fallen bamboos and the litter of leaves on the ground made it difficult to do this silently. The beast stopped feeding; there was a moment's pause, and I could hear the crashing of the bamboos as the animal charged towards us, screaming loudly. It was impossible to tell exactly the point where it would appear, for, of course, the dense bamboos completely hid it from view. It was equally hopeless to turn to run, for even along the path we had come the interlaced bamboos would have tripped one up at once; so, signaling to the gun-bearer to stand silently behind me, I held my double-barrelled cordite '600 in readiness. As the elephant's head appeared through the bamboos almost facing me, with trunk uplifted and ears sticking straight out, I raised my rifle and fired both barrels in quick succession, aiming through the trunk for the frontal shot. Immediately after I turned to flee, tripped, and measured my length on the ground, but had the satisfaction of hearing a mighty crash behind me, as the elephant fell over on its side. My gun-bearer pulled me to my feet, said the beast was dead, and congratulated me on my shooting.—MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S ACCOUNT.

NEAR Lake Baringo I came upon a pack of wild dogs. Although in some parts of Africa these pests—for they drive away all game—are fairly common, they are so wary that they are seldom shot; and still more rarely do their skins and skulls reach England.



Once, on my wounding one of these dogs, the whole pack went for me. The grass was long, and it was by no means easy to pick them off. However, the death of one or two of their number—due to the accurate shooting of my Mannlicher—gave me time to beat a retreat.



CROSSING THE UNINHABITED PLAINS OF LIKIPIA: THE EXPLORER'S CARAVAN IN A SWAMP.

LION SHOT BY MAJOR POWELL-COTTON.

WILD DOGS SHOT BY MAJOR POWELL-COTTON NEAR LAKE BARINGO.

One day I picked up the track of a lion, but, after having followed it for several hours, at last it disappeared, and I was making my way back to camp when we came on it again. It led us almost directly to a small, very thick clump of jungle. Here my men were searching on either side for the pugs. Meanwhile I stood with my rifle ready, when suddenly I saw something yellow glistening in the bush. For a moment I thought it was the sun shining on the leaves; but a savage growl and a crash, as the lion sprang out on the far side, undeceived me. Running round, I was in time to see the beast scrambling up the bank of a little stream. A snap-shot hit it rather far back, when it turned with the evident intention of making for me; but another shot knocked it over.—MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S ACCOUNT.

THE Suk tribe work their hair into a kind of bag-shaped matted chignon stiffened with clay. This reaches almost to the waist. The Suk in the accompanying pictures wear a curious cape made of monkey-skin rubbed soft. This cape is not worn for warmth or protection from the sun, but when it rains they put the cape over their heads to



prevent the clay being washed out of their hair. I met a party of Suk warriors on the edge of the Baringo plain. They carried green boughs as emblems of friendship, and reminded me of an African Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane, though of happier augury, for they came in peace, and guided us to the Government Station at the edge of the lake.



COMOTO, A FRIENDLY CHIEF OF THE SUK, WEARING THE PECULIAR CAPE OF HIS TRIBE.

SUK TRIBESMEN (ONE OF THESE SHOWS THE CURIOUS MATTED HAIR).

A PARTY OF SUK WARRIORS.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S EXPLORATIONS IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.



A NATIVE OF THE NANDI ESCARPMENT.

During my halt at Mumias I observed the curious habits of the natives of the Nandi Escarpment. The man here shown is covered with white paint to keep off the flies. He was mightily afraid of the camera, and tried to hide behind my gun-barrel.

A DONKEY DECOY.

DURING my halt at the Government Station of Baringo, it was possible to observe native life with considerable facility, for we were visited by numerous tribesmen. Among these was a hunter of the Waderobo, who is the possessor of a most accomplished donkey, which, with an antelope's horns strapped to its head, its body covered with a skin or painted to resemble the animal its master intended to stalk that day, was the means of deluding many an unwary creature into falling a victim to the poisoned arrows of the hunter crouching behind his ass.



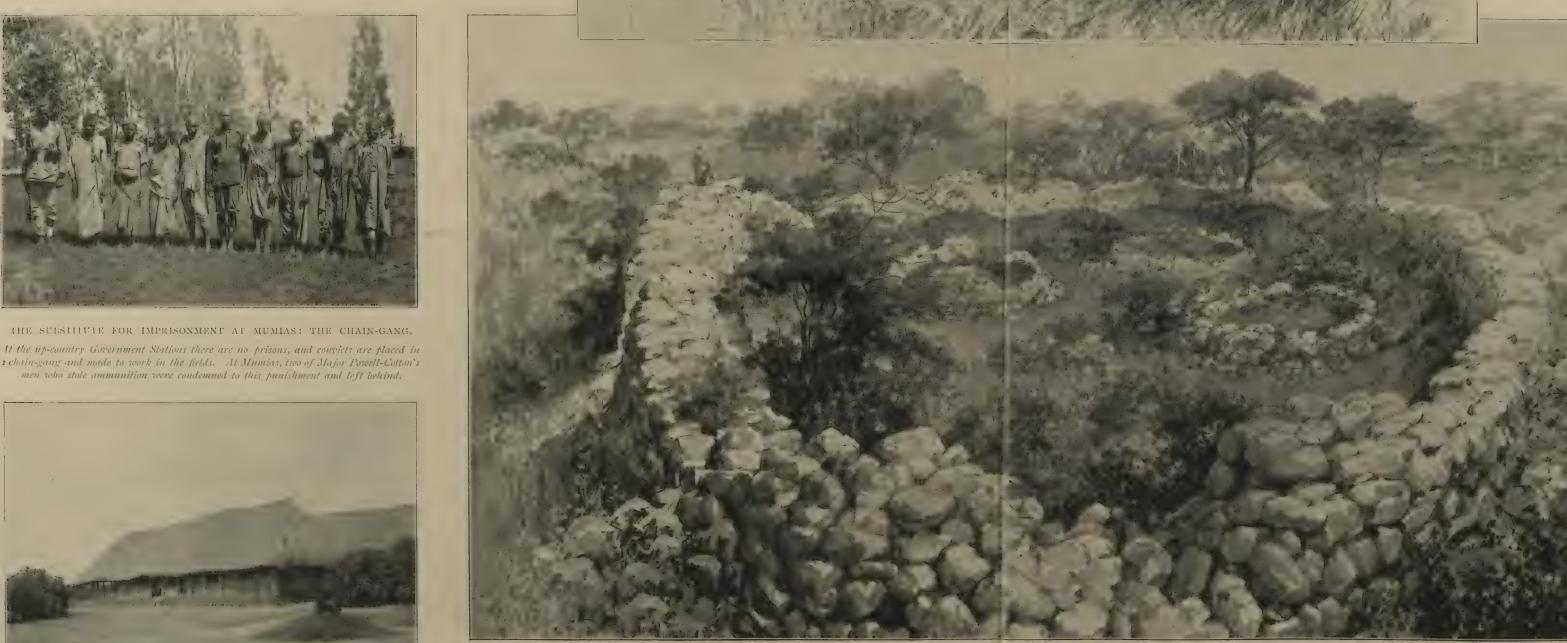
THE SUSPENSE FOR IMPRISONMENT AT MUMIAS: THE CHAIN-GANG.

At the up-country Government Stations there are no prisons, and convicts are placed in chain-gang and made to work in the fields. At Mumias, two of Major Powell-Cotton's men who stole ammunition were condemned to this punishment and left behind.



THE GOVERNMENT STATION AT MUMIAS.

The Government Station consists of several large thatched bungalows surrounded by a wall and dry moat.



TESTIMONY TO THE FORMER PROSPERITY OF THE MASAI: A RUINED STONE VILLAGE.

I found these ruins generally situated on the top and on the slopes of rising ground. A circular wall built of unheated stones without mortar enclosed a space some thirty to fifty yards in diameter. The interior was generally dish-shaped, and contained some three or four smaller circular walls, marking the sites where the houses used to stand. The whole of these walls were, of course, more or less tumbled down and overgrown by long grass and jungle scrub, making a scene of picturesque desolation. Whenever I came on one, I would walk round the wide top of the wall in the hope of disturbing the mid-day slumbers of a lion or leopard, which animals often use these places for lying up in; but I never had the luck to put up anything larger than a jackal.

[ALL THE NOTES ON THIS PAGE ARE FROM MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S ACCOUNT.]



A CURIOUS TRIBE.

THE Kimager Country is situated on the northern part of the Nandi Escarpment, which I visited during a small shooting trip undertaken while I was waiting at Mumias for the collection of donkeys for my caravan. On my way I passed through the Kimager country, where the people were busy cultivating their fields. Among the Kimager the women go completely naked, but the men are clothed. I secured some photographs of a tribesman and his two wives keeping the family plot. One of these, here reproduced, shows a curious fashion of skin decoration in vogue among the womenfolk.



AMONG the Kimager women, such as the one here represented, the favorite form of decoration is a raised pattern arranged on the body when they are young. Small incisions, geometrically arranged, are made in the skin, and into these ashes are inserted. The wounds heal in permanent raised lumps.

CROSSING THE ETAKATOOK RIVER.

After one or two failures, my men succeeded in getting the ropes we carried specially for the purpose across the river, and by its aid the whole of the loads were successfully carried over.



A FAMOUS PLACE FOR SPORT: MOUNT SIRGOL.

The herds of game on the rolling grass plains at the foot of this mountain are remarkable, even for this famous sporting district.

Government boma. During one of these I came on a pack of wild dogs. The incident is fully described over the illustration.

Baringo is one of the most interesting Government stations to stay in, being the only one in touch with the Suk. This tribe, in common with the Turkana and the Karamoja, work their hair into a kind of bag-shaped matted chignon which reaches almost to their waists. They were constantly in the boma, and I was able to get much interesting information from Comoto, their chief. Another frequent visitor was a hunter of the Wanderobo who is the possessor of a most accomplished donkey, which, with an antelope's horns strapped to its head, its body covered with a skin or painted to resemble the quarry, deluded many an unwary animal into falling a victim to the poisoned arrows of the hunter.

From Baringo I accompanied Mr. Hyde Baker to the Ravine Station, where Mr. Isaac, the Collector, received us hospitably, and gave me much useful information about my route to Mumias. On my way I spent some time in the Man Forest, but was severely handicapped by my guides deserting me. However, I succeeded in bagging a specimen of the forest-hog, for which I had been searching. After leaving the forest I struck in a north-westerly direction across the Gwashengeshu Plains. The first part was so thickly covered with long grass that it was practically impossible to do any shooting, but as I neared Mount Sergoi the jungle gave place to meadow-like land covered with vast herds of zebra, hartebeest, and eland. As far as man was concerned, the place was a wilderness; only the ruined stone villages remained to tell the tale of the once numerous population of Masai with their flocks and herds.

Some two months after leaving Baringo we crossed the Etakatook River, a swift but not very deep stream. We reached Mumias on Sept. 16. Here I spent a fortnight, packing my skins for the coast and making preparation for my further journey. So far, I had had very little trouble in the caravan from theft, which is usually a source of irritation, but here two of my men broke open an ammunition-box one night and stole a number of rounds. The case was tried by the Collector; they were found guilty, and, instead of accompanying the caravan, were made unwilling members of the chain-gang and left to ponder on their iniquities.

While donkeys were being collected, I made a small shooting-trip to the northern part of the Nandi Escarpment, during which I passed through the Kimerer country, where the people were busy cultivating their fields. Unlike most negro tribes, it is customary for the women of this district to go completely naked, although the men are clothed. One afternoon I secured some characteristic snap-shots of a man and his wives hoeing the family plot.

On my return to Mumias it was not till nearly the end of November that I collected sufficient transport to proceed to Mount Elgon, the country of

the cave-dwellers, the first signs of whom I discovered one afternoon when camping on the Fish River. I was examining with the telescope a waterfall which the river made as it fell over the precipitous rocks encircling the lower slopes of Elgon, when I discovered the entrance to a cave close to the fall. My guides casually informed me that it was one of the habitations of the cave-dwellers, but they supposed it to be deserted. However, next morning I paid it a visit, and thoroughly explored three of the caves, two of which, to my astonishment, proved to be still inhabited. This kindled my interest, and a day or two later I made further investigations, visiting another group of caves, all of which were occupied. Here the father of the Cave Settlement, although at first suspicious of my intentions, afterwards became very friendly and introduced me to the members of his family. He likewise conducted me all

over the cave. On my inquiring as to the origin of the caves, they said that they were natural, and ridiculed the idea that any man could do such work; but as I could distinctly trace tool-marks over the whole surface, there is no doubt in my mind that these caves have been hewn out either by some prehistoric race or possibly by the remote ancestors of the present inhabitants. The interior of the caves is very irregular, as the harder part of the rock has been left jutting out in uneven masses. The branches, or recesses, of the caves are shut off by wattle-and-daub partitions, thus forming separate tenements. Some of these, being on a higher or lower level than the main cave, are reached by rough staircases or ladders. From Sir Harry Johnston's description I had expected to find these cave-dwellers living in a state of filth, and the caves to be so objectionable that a visit to them would be by no means a pleasant experience, and the hardy intruder would emerge swarming with fleas. However, I was agreeably surprised to find that, in this respect,

they compared most favourably with the majority of native villages; for no fleas molested me, and, beyond a goat smell, where the flocks of goats and sheep were tethered for the night, the place was quite sweet. In one "house" into which I peeped a weird sight (fully described under the picture) met my eyes.

As we continued our journey northwards, we left the rainy district of Mount Elgon behind us and entered the parched Karamoja plateau. We chose the most easterly of the three roads to the north, all of which have long waterless marches, but this appeared to be the best one for our beasts. I now entered on the most exciting part of my journey; over country which had never been traversed by a white man, where the tribes were notorious for their warlike character and were certain to be hostile to any newcomer. I camped at the foot of Mount Moroto, for I was still short of a few loads of flour, and was told that the Tepethians, who inhabit this and one other mountain, had some to barter. These people are a tribe quite apart from the Karamoja, in whose country they dwell.



THE EXPLORER'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE CAVE-DWELLINGS.

The waterfall of the Fish River veiled the entrance to the cave-dwellers' abode.



SUBTERRANEAN DOMESTICITY: MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE CAVE-DWELLERS.

In the centre of the floor was the usual native hearth of three stones, with the fire in the centre, but there was no cooking-pot on it; instead, suspended from a tripod, an earthen crock, which contained food, was simmering over the flame. Strewn about the floor were numerous cooking-pots and water-vessels of different shapes and sizes, and on the walls hung a shield, bow, and quiver. In one corner a couple of spears reflected the firelight, while suspended from some rough poles across the rocky ceiling were numerous little packets of herbs, skins, dried meat, and other commodities which had to be placed in safety from the rats scuttling about in the remoter recesses of the cave.—MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S ACCOUNT.

They live in little villages dotted about the upper slopes of the mountain, where, while the plains below are parched with drought, rain falls, and they are thus enabled to raise crops of corn and to find grass for their flocks and herds. To my questions as to where they came from, and why the Karamoja allowed them to live peaceably in their country, they replied that they had come ages ago from the East, and that if the Karamoja interfered with them, they cast a spell which caused the latter's cattle to perish. Thus in a land where might is right you have the paradoxical fact of a small tribe often in times of drought possessing in plenty all that the Karamoja lack, outnumbered by the latter in the proportion of one thousand to one, and yet surviving purely and simply through the superstitious fears of the stronger race.

From here I set out to find the upper waters of the Tarash River. No guides were procurable, and we had the greatest difficulty in finding water. The maps also proved quite inaccurate: rivers which were shown as flowing

pushed on with the other. With the aid of the glasses, I was delighted to make out what seemed a fine waterfall rushing over a high cliff. The valley was filled with dense scrub, which we found some difficulty in penetrating. As we got nearer and could see the cliff more plainly, our hearts sank to find merely a broad white mark on the surface of the rock where a waterfall had been. At this discovery my gun-bearer lost all hope and threw himself on the ground, a picture of despair. Taking a sip myself first, I handed him my water-bottle, then left him and scrambled on, in the hope of finding a pool among the rocks at the foot of the cliff. In this, however, after nearly an hour's search, I was disappointed, and had to return. It took a lot of trouble, both in cheering up and active help, to get my chicken-hearted Swahili back to where we had left the mule. We were now two long marches from camp, and it became imperative, if we were not all to perish, that help and water should be forthcoming. As the gun-bearer was too exhausted to follow, I left him and started



CAVE-DWELLERS OUTSIDE THEIR ROCK-HEWN ABODES.

to the north-west flowed south-east, and mountain-chains cropped up where one expected a plain. On one or two occasions when my men had failed, I had been most successful in finding water, but now the search almost proved fatal both to myself and them. One morning I had started before daybreak with ten men, a roll of blankets, some food, and two days' water-supply. For the whole of the first day we searched the rocky slopes of Murosokar without finding a drop. At night I found, to my annoyance, that the men had finished nearly the whole supply we carried. Early next morning, after doling out a small portion of what remained, I sent two men back to have a further supply brought out to meet me while I pushed on a short distance. We soon struck a well-worn game-path used by elephants, giraffe, rhino, and antelope. The men agreed with me that this most probably led to water, and so we continued our way. The sun was blazing hot, and the rocks almost burnt one's hand if one touched them. As the afternoon wore on, the men began to drop out, saying they could go no further, until I was left with only two, and when we reached a sort of amphitheatre in the mountain, I left one of these with the mule, while I

back with the syce, taking with me one rifle and some cartridges, but abandoning everything else. On the way I picked up three more of my men, but one of these, even after a double allowance of water, which I served out in the cap of the telescope, proved too weak to walk, and had to be left behind. We would struggle along in the direction of camp, I leading, for perhaps an hour, then throw ourselves on the ground for a short rest, moisten our cracked lips and swollen tongues with a few drops of water, and then resume our weary journey. About one in the morning we struck a little muddy patch in a stream, and with one accord the men fell on their knees, feverishly digging in the mud with their hands in the hope of reaching water, but only to be disappointed. Again we set out, and I had continually to call the men by name to make sure they had not sunk down by the way. About half-past two, even this was no longer of any avail; they threw themselves down, saying they might as well die there. In the hope that we were getting within sound of the water-bearers that were to meet us, I fired my rifle, but no answering report came to cheer us.—[To be concluded next week.]

A Signed Copy of this Letter will be sent to anyone

who wishes a guarantee that by payment of only 21s. now he is securing a work which is soon to rise more than 100 per cent. in price.

"The Times" calls attention to the letter published in this announcement. It is a copy of the reply sent to a correspondent who asks whether he could, by any possibility, delay subscribing for the Encyclopædia Britannica and yet hope to secure the thirty-five volumes later on without having to pay down for them the full price of £57—i.e., more than double the present price.

No one should fail to read the reply sent to this correspondent, for it contains a clear statement of the situation as regards the Encyclopædia Britannica. It contains also the most explicit guarantee that the imminent withdrawal of "The Times" from the distribution of the work direct to the public will entail a rise of more than 100 per cent. in the price of the volumes, and to this guarantee is attached a promise of which any reader of this announcement is welcome to avail himself.

"The Times" is willing to send a signed copy of this letter to any person who, in subscribing now for the Encyclopædia Britannica, would like to have, in black and white, an absolute guarantee that he is indeed taking a last chance of securing at less than half price a work which will shortly be purchasable only at more than double that price—viz., £57 for the Cloth binding, with proportionately higher prices for the richer bindings.

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REPLY
TO BE ADDRESSED TO
"The Manager."



21st October, 1903.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of yesterday I am very glad of the opportunity you afford me for putting the matter clearly before you. We have only a limited number of copies of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" remaining, and these we fully expect to dispose of by, or before the 19th December next; but, whether we do so or not, we shall not sell in any part of the United Kingdom a single copy after the 19th December for one penny less than the published price (£57 cloth, £69 half morocco, £79 three-quarter levant and £101 full morocco), less 10 per cent. discount to the trade, and we shall bind the trade not to sell below or above these prices. Moreover, to prevent the possibility of any one's accumulating copies, we, even now, decline to deliver more than one copy to one address, and none to booksellers for sale. We cannot, of course, promise that no single person will, after the 19th December, be willing to part with his second-hand copy at less than the prices above quoted, but we do distinctly promise that no single copy shall be sold by us, by any one on our behalf, or by any one with our consent and approval except on the terms above stated; and as we absolutely control the sale of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" until 1910 we believe that no copies will be sold except at these full retail prices.

I am sorry that it is inconvenient to you to purchase until January; but there is no alternative, and if you or any one else can show that we have in any way departed from the above engagement, we undertake to return you whatever you paid for your copy and all expenses that you have been put to.

Yours truly,

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In order to be in time, however, you must fill in and post this Inquiry Form immediately.

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